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YOUNG FOLKS' FUN IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Boys and girls who live in the country sometimes tell of the rare good times they have in the fields, by the brook, in the barn among the mounds of hay, and in the woods. There are the lanes bordered with berries, the orchard with prizes of dropped apples under the trees, the spring violets in the meadows, the nuts dropping down in the woods, the glorious swims in the pond in the summer, the more glorious skating in the winter. All the poets and story-tellers have told and sung of these things many times over, till the city boy and girl have learned the story by heart.

Now, really, this is n't fair. Country children do not have all the sport in the world. There is sure to be fun wherever boys and girls live, even if it is a city. New York is not all paved streets, stone sidewalks and brick houses, and the children who live there have their good times after their own fashion. There are no big barns and piles of hay; berry-bushes are not very thick on the Fifth avenue, and boys never go nutting on the sidewalks, but there are wide and grassy play-grounds, donkeys to ride, goat-carriages with fiery steeds, and swings and boats, and swans and monkeys, lions and bears and sheep-dogs, wooden horses that speed around and around as if they were alive, and—and—why, there is no end to the jolly things in New York. It is very good of the poets to sing about the sports of the country. They should come to town and see how city boys and girls play, and then they might sing a new song of the gay goat-carriage, the amiable wooden horse, the lively owls in the deep,

dark cave, and the affectionate donkeys that live in Central Park.

Come, boys and girls! Let us go to the Park. Come, Tommy and Ned, Master Charles and Fred. Come Kitty and Jane,—and baby shall go, too. The Park is the place for fun. This is the entrance, at the corner of the Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. The wide street called the Fifth avenue spreads out into an open space, planted with trees, and looking as if the city came to a sudden end in the country. There is a broad graveled walk, a wide road, and a little summer-house and a two-horse carriage drawn up before it. "Will you have a ride? Only twenty-five cents." Shall we ride, boys and girls? No. Let us walk—it will be more fun. Thank you, sir, for the nice carriage, but we'll walk at present. But baby must ride! Ah! how very nice! A baby-carriage to let. Tuck her in warm, nurse, and then we will start. Think of that!—a baby-carriage all ready at the gate, and only ten cents an hour.

Now, we will go up the broad path by the roads. Look at the horses! How they come prancing along, with flashing eyes and arching necks! They seem to be proud to drag the handsome carriages, and they canter along in splendid style. After a short walk we come to a place where the roads divide. Oh! look there! See the sheep! A whole flock of them in a field. And a shepherd, too—a queer old fellow—and—see! There he goes! That's the shepherd's dog. Some of the sheep try

to cross the road, and the dog scuds after them, barking loudly, and they all scamper back again. That's a sight you do not often see, even in the country.

in, Kitty and Jane, Tommy and Ned. No, Master Charles, you're too old for that fun. How you would look with your legs all doubled — Hallo!



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Hallo! Ponies! "Have a ride, young master?" The ponies stand, all saddled and bridled, by the road-side, ready for a run. There is a boy in uniform standing beside each pony, ready to help the rider to mount, and to keep the pony from running away. Our boys think they really must have a ride. Baby can sit in her carriage till they come back, and the girls can sit down under the trees to rest.

What a pretty place this is! The sheep have free range over a wide and sunny pasture. There are broad walks along the road-side, with plenty of seats where we can wait till the boys come back. They have a jolly canter, and then we cross the road and come to a broad, straight walk, with wide lawns on either side, and four long rows of trees. There are here a fine sculptured group of an Indian hunter and his dog, and statues of Sir Walter Scott and Shakspeare.

Oh! what's this? A pair of goats harnessed to a little carriage. The driver runs beside the fiery steeds as they come trotting gayly along. They wave their horns and wheel around in a circle and away they go up the broad path. Now, this is fun! See! Here's an empty carriage coming. How much for a ride, mister? "Ten cents." Jump

They're off! How fast they go! The driver runs beside the goats to keep them steady, and Tommy holds the reins. We will follow them.

Hah! What's that? Music? Yes—no. Master Fred is all excitement. It is the lions. Hear them roar. Let us go and see them. No, you may have heard the band playing. It is both. We can hear the animals roaring, and the sound of the band. Really, here is too much fun at once. We must follow the goat-carriage now, and can visit Mr. and Mrs. Lion afterward. What a great company of people! The path is full of boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, some looking about, and some sitting down in the shade of the trees. The children finish their ride, and we may sit down awhile and listen to the music.

This does not look like the city. Instead of houses there are sunny fields, a rocky bank covered with shrubs and surmounted by an arbor overgrown with vines, and all about us are trees making a pleasant shade from the sun. It is certainly a pretty place, but there are so many more things to be seen we must go on very soon. See! There are parrots in cages, calling to each other, and biting the bars of their prisons as if they would like to get out. We might stop to look at them, and to

fun.
dren

admire the curious fountains flashing in the sun, but there are greater wonders just over the road.

There! Is n't that pretty? A great fountain showering down sparkling sheets of water, a broad walk, and a lake and wooded hills beyond, with a stone tower, looking like a castle, in the distance. And there are swans and row-boats on the water. The boys are all eagerness for a sail on the lake, and are ready to run down the long flights of stone steps that lead to the lake. Stop a moment. Look at this stone-work by the stairs. See! It is covered with birds and flowers, carved in stone in the wall. Do look at the duck with a fish in his mouth, these quails and snipes! It is wonderful, but the boys have seen a boat, and they can't stop for stone birds and flowers.

"Can we hire a boat, sir?" "Yes, indeed."

A young man in a sailor suit brings up a boat, and we all get in. Baby must go, too, and we can leave her carriage here till we return. Now, this is

comes another boat, and in it are two children and a nurse who is holding a baby aloft. They sweep past us quickly, laughing and talking as they go. See! There's a swan, with its wings spread out like a sail before the wind, and the baby in the other boat is shaking his rattle at it, and crowing with delight. There are more swans on the banks,—and ducks, too. How tame they seem! They do not pay the slightest attention to the crowds of people. Here we go under a bridge, and into a wider part of the lake, where we can see a number of boats and a whole flock of beautiful white swans.

Hallo! What is that? It is a pelican standing in the water by the beach. Oh! That is too bad. That silly boy is troubling him. Ha! ha! Mr. Pelican could n't stand it any longer, and he opened his great mouth as if he meant to swallow the boy, and the boy runs away dreadfully frightened and frantically chased by the pelican.



TAKING A DRIVE.

fun. The boat glides swiftly away, and the children on the shore stand looking at us. Here

So we go around the lake, pushing into little bays where the trees overhang the water, rowing past

the beeches where children are playing on the shore, past rustic arbors on the water-side, and under a stone bridge that echoes to our voices. Here is an island, with flocks of ducks on the grass. See that water-fall leaping with a splash into the lake. Boats pass every minute, and after a delightful trip we come back to the landing and get out.

Baby takes her carriage again, and we look about to see what can be done next. Perhaps nothing more to-day, for the sun is getting low in the west, and it is really time we started for home. This is quite enough fun for one day, and to see more we would better come another time. The boys have had a pony-ride, the younger people had a drive in the goat-carriage, we have seen the sheep and the shepherd's dog, heard the band play and seen the parrots, baby had a ride in her carriage, and we all had a row on the lake. Fun enough for one day.

As we walk back to the gate we pass the goat-carriages again. One is standing empty waiting for riders, and beside it is a company of poor children gazing wistfully on the empty seats. Poor things! They cannot muster ten cents among them all, and the little carriage seems a very im-

Central Park. There are the lions, and the jolly monkeys, the ball-ground, the swings, the croquet-field, the woods and meadows at the upper end of the Park, the tower, the Ramble, and many another charming play-ground free to all, rich and poor. Another day we will come again and see more.

Well, Kitty, what are you thinking about? Give these poor children a ride? That's a happy thought. How much will it cost? There are six of them in all. What's your name, little girl? "Gretchen, sir, please." And yours, sir? "Mikey Duffy." Well, Mikey and Gretchen, you may have a ride. Kitty says she has twenty cents, and Jane has ten, and Tommy fifteen, and Charles offers fifteen. Sixty cents. Just enough. Jump in, Master Duffy and Miss Gretchen, and the others shall go, too. Now, really, we must go home. We've had a good time ourselves, and, perhaps, made the gay party in the goat-carriage happy also. At any rate, they drive away in great glee, as if they were having a royal good time. At the gate we give up baby's carriage, and then go soberly home, well satisfied with our expedition in search of fun.

A day or two after this we start again for the Park, take the baby-carriage at the gate, and go at



ON THE LAKE.

possible heaven. It is a trifle hard for them, but there are plenty of things they can do without paying for them—plenty of fun for poor children in

once to the lake. Come! Let us visit the cave and the Ramble. We cross a bridge over the lake, and come to a path through shady woods.

Donkeys! A whole row of them standing by the path. What queer fellows they are, with their big ears and shaggy hair! Here is fun! Every one, save baby, must be mounted for a ride. The donkeys are saddled and bridled, and a boy stands

end. A boy runs beside each donkey to look after the young rider, and thus we gayly amble along under the trees, with baby and nurse to bring up the rear of the procession. Look out! We are coming to a hill. The procession goes slowly down



RIDING DOWN THE STEPS.

by each ready to assist the young rider to a seat. Kitty shall have the white donkey, and Jane the black fellow. Get a good seat, and sit perfectly steady. Why! Master Charles, your too lengthy legs nearly touch the ground. You are making a queer spectacle of yourself. There! We are off in a stately procession, the girls in front and the boys next, and Master Charles in the rear, on account of his excessive legs, that threaten to trip his donkey up and bring the ride to a melancholy

a little slope, and then crosses a rustic bridge, where a tiny brook foams over the stones into the lake. There is also a view of the lake, and the boats and swans. Surely, now, we can't go upstairs on donkeys? The path leads to a short flight of stone steps just where the bronze bust of Schiller stands embowered in shrubbery. Ah! Here's another donkey party coming down. Perhaps if Master Donkey can come down-stairs, he may be induced to go up. It will be easier for

us to go up on donkey-back than to come down in that way. Don't you think so?

Then on, past great rocks covered with moss, past rustic seats and bowers, through shady paths and wooded lanes, till we come to a path leading down into a quiet dell among wild, rough rocks. Here we dismount and leave our amiable donkeys to find their way back again with their drivers.

What a queer place! See that stone bridge half hid by flowering vines. And this place? What's here? A cave! The boys go into the black hole in the rock and the girls timidly follow. How dark it is! Stand still a moment and let us see what we can find. Is n't that very queer? A pair of solemn owls blinking and winking in the gloom. They sit on a perch behind a netting and stare and stare, and never say a word. The boys find another door to the cave leading out to the lake, and a long flight of steep stone steps leading to the top of the high bank above the cave. The boys may go up that way and we others will go back, and then they can join us again by another path.

The place is full of winding paths and lanes, up hill and down, twisting and turning in every direction, and the boys soon come back to our party, and then we go on through the woods and over the rocks to the stone castle on the hill. Here we stop a moment to view the wide prospect over the Park, the city, the Hudson River, and the beautiful country round about. Now for a walk through the Ramble. The paths wind in, the paths wind out, now through fields, now past great rocks and through deep thickets. Come, follow my leader through this beautiful garden. Ah! see him run! A white rabbit springs across the path and darts away over the sunny grass. Look! See the beehives! And there is a flock of Guinea-hens stepping over the grass with the utmost dignity. Keep

close together, lest we lose — Why! where is Kitty? Kitty! Kitty! Really we must find her. Boys, each of you take a different path and see if you can find her, and then all come back to this magnolia-tree by the little bridge over the brook!

The boys searched here and searched there, and all through the tangled paths, till at last they found her where four paths met, undecided which way to turn, and crying bitterly to think she had lost her party. She had followed the rabbit and lost her way, and it was really so dreadful that she had to cry. A peacock sat on a low tree and spread his plumes, and the Guinea-hens offered her their sympathy, and even the rabbit paused in wonder; but not one of them had courage enough to show her the way out of her troubles. What a picture,—poor Kitty lost in the Ramble! The rabbit and the peacock and the Guinea-hens might well have a sympathetic expression, to make up for their

intense stupidity in declining to help the harmless little girl. Poor things! Perhaps they did not know the way themselves, for, it is said, they never leave the place, summer or winter.

Now we are all together again, let us take a drive. Baby can go back to the fountain with nurse, and the others can go down the hill to the road. Presently a park carriage comes along, and we get in, and away we go in fine style. See the horses and carriages! How they sweep along in endless procession! It is a grand sight, certainly. Hark! What is that? A horn playing merrily. Oh! it's the coach. The "guard" winds his horn, and all the carriages draw up at the sides of the road to let it pass. Here it comes! Four horses running at full speed.* The handsome driver holds the reins with a grand manner, and the great yellow coach sweeps past in glorious style. The top is full of ladies and gentlemen, and the footmen sit behind.



IN THE SWINGS.

* See frontispiece.

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One raises the long copper horn to his lips, and the lively notes spring up in merry music. Hurrah! That was a sight! They're gone, and the sound of the mellow horn grows fainter and fainter.

Then we drive on along the winding road watching the long lines of carriages, and the pretty ladies and children, till we come to a great house on a high bank. Here we get out and go into the house, for it is a kind of hotel. We find a pretty room, with open windows looking out on a beautiful garden and over the city to the river, where the ships and steamers are passing to and fro on the blue water. Here we have lunch, and after that we visit the greenhouse and the gallery of statues, and then take a walk in the woods,—real woods,—deep and shady, and just like the country. There is a brook in the woods, besides water-falls, and rustic bridges, and shady pools under the trees. We might spend a whole day here, but the boys are anxious to go back and call on Mr. and Mrs. Lion. So we take another park carriage, and drive back to the terrace, and there we find baby and nurse by the great fountain. Baby has had a milk lunch, and she, too, is ready to visit the amiable bear and the frisky monkeys. On the way, we meet a little miss just returned from a ride on her pet donkey. She comes out every day with her mamma for a ride, and I dare say, by this time, she has grown quite in love with Mr. Donkey. She puts her arms around his shaggy neck, and the pretty lady gives the old fellow a friendly scratch between the ears. Alas for donkey love! The ungrateful fellow never so much as says "thank you," and he stands there, the central figure of a pretty picture, indifferently as—as a donkey. The keeper of the donkeys told me as much as this, and on the next page you will see the donkey, the little girl, and the pretty lady.

We follow a winding path through lawns and gardens, and soon come to the menagerie. Here both boys and girls are wild with delight over the lions, tigers, bears, and other fierce animals, in watching the festive monkeys, the solemn eagles, and all the other strange beasts and birds. Then the girls go into the museum and see the stuffed birds, the cases of butterflies, and many more queer and beautiful things than could be described in a week. Were we to tell all of it, and give pictures of all the strangest curiosities, there would be no room for anything else in ST. NICHOLAS for months and months to come.

Leaving the museum, we walked through the Park until we came to the dairy, and here we all sat down and each had a glass of fresh milk and a cake.

When we had rested for a few moments, the girls climbed a steep, rocky bank, and found some swings, and a great arbor overgrown with vines and set out with rustic seats and tables, a cool and charming place where one could spend a whole day in watching the children at play in this great play-house. The boys found something else—some fiery wooden horses that went around and around in a circle. There were also little carriages for the girls and others who might not care to trust themselves to such skittish steeds. Kitty and Jane chose the carriage, and the boys, like brave knights, mounted their noble chargers. The horses shook their wooden heads and champed their wooden bits, and around and around they all raced in a mad gallop. A queer waltz it was, in a great circle, every horse doing his best and yet not one out-running the other. Even the girls in their carriage seemed to be swinging swiftly after them, and never able to catch them. Then the whirling race came to an end, and everybody found himself just



A BRAVE AND SKILLFUL KNIGHT.

where he started, which was certainly a singular performance. Then the boys each took a sword in his right hand, and once more the noble wooden steeds pricked up their pasteboard ears and started again, with every leg high in the air. A most remarkable kind of horse,—but, then, this is Central Park, and here everything is a trifle uncommon. There was a post near the race-track, and from it

hung an arm with an iron ring at the end; and as the horses went around and around in furious haste, the boys deftly thrust their swords into the rings and carried them off in triumph. Sometimes they missed the rings, and then the other knights laughed merrily, as well they might. In the picture of Master Fred mounted on his fiery steed

then they went back to the great arbor to recount their adventures to the girls, who rewarded their prowess with smiles, and invited them to a promenade along the side of the arbor. But by this time our company felt they really ought to go home. Baby, too, was tired and sleepy, so we all marched in procession to the Sixth avenue gate.



A GOOD-MORNING TO THE PET DONKEY.

and charging fiercely at the ring before him, you will notice the tremendous energy of the furious wooden horse, and Master Fred's valiant expression as, with steady aim, he fixes his eagle eye on the prize.

The boys captured the rings several times, and proved themselves brave and skillful horsemen and

The baby's carriage was returned, and we took a horse-car and rode gayly home.

Let the poets sing about the fun and sports of the country. City children have also their good times in their own fashion. There is not much fun to be found in the streets, but in the Park are sports without end.

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GONE ASTRAY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

IN some parts of Scotland there are a great many high hills or mountains, crowded together, only divided from each other by deep valleys. They all grow out of one root—that is, the earth. The tops of these hills are high up and lonely, with the stars above them; and the wind roaring and raving among them makes such a noise against the hard rocks, running into the holes in them and out again, that their steep sides are sometimes very awful places. But in the sunshine, although they do look lonely, they are so bright and beautiful, that all the boys and girls fancy the way to heaven lies up those hills.

And doesn't it?

No.

Where is it, then?

Ah! that's just what you come to this world to find out. But you must let me go on with my story now.

In the winter, on the other hand, they are such wild, howling places, with the hard hailstones beating upon them, and the soft, smothering snow-flakes heaping up dreadful wastes of whiteness upon them, that if ever there was a child out on them he would die with fear, if he did not die with cold. But there are only sheep there, and as soon as the winter comes over the tops of the hills the sheep come down their sides, because it is warmer the lower down you come; even a foot thick of wool on their backs and sides could not keep out the terrible cold up there.

But the sheep are not very knowing creatures, so they are something better instead. They are wise—that is, they are obedient—creatures, obedience often being the very best wisdom. Because they are not very knowing, they have a man to take care of them, who shows where to take them, especially when a storm comes on. Not that the sheep are so very silly as not to know where to go to get out of the wind, but they don't and can't think that some ways of getting out of danger are more dangerous still. They would lie down in a quiet place, and stay there till the snow settled down over them and smothered them. Or they would tumble down steep places and be killed, or carried away by the stream at the bottom. So, though they know a little, they don't know enough, and therefore need a shepherd to take care of them.

Now the shepherd, though he is wise, is not quite clever enough for all that is wanted of him

up in those strange, terrible hills, and he needs his dog to help him.

Well, the shepherd tells the dog what he wants done, and off the dog runs to do it; for he can run three times as fast as the shepherd, and can get up and down places much better. I am not sure that he can see better than the shepherd, but I know he can smell better. So that he is just four legs and a long nose to the shepherd, besides the love he gives him, which would comfort any good man, even if it were offered him by a hedge-hog or a hen.

One evening, in the beginning of April, the weakly sun of the season had gone down with a pale face behind the shoulder of a hill in the background of my story. And because he was gone down, the peat-fires upon the hearths of the cottages all began to glow more brightly, as if they were glad he was gone at last and had left them their work to do,—or, rather, as if they wanted to do all they could to make up for his absence. And on one hearth in particular the peat-fire glowed very brightly. There was a pot hanging over it, with supper in it; and there was a little girl sitting by it, with a sweet, thoughtful face. Her hair was done up in a silken net, for it was the custom with Scotch girls to have their hair so arranged, many years before it became a fashion in other lands. She was busy with a blue ribbed stocking, which she was knitting for her father.

He was out on the hills. He had that morning taken his sheep higher up than before, and Ellen knew this; but it could not be long now before she would hear his footsteps, and measure the long stride between which brought him and happiness home together.

But had n't she any mother?

Oh! yes, she had. If you had been in the cottage that night you would have heard a cough every now and then, and would have found that Ellen's mother was lying in a bed in the room,—not a bed with curtains, but a bed with doors like a press. This does not seem a nice way of having a bed; but we should all be glad of the wooden curtains about us at night, if we lived in such a cottage, on the side of a hill along which the wind swept like a wild river, only ten times faster than any river would run, even down a hill-side. Through the cottage it would be spouting, and streaming, and eddying, and fighting, all night

long; and a poor woman with a cough, or a man who has been out in the cold all day, is very glad to lie in a sheltered place and leave the rest of the house to the wind and the fairies.

Ellen's mother was ill, and there was little hope of her getting well again. What she could have done without Ellen I can't think. It was so much easier to be ill with Ellen sitting there. For she was a good girl.

After a while, Ellen rose and put some peats on the fire, and hung the pot a link or two higher on the chain; for she was a wise creature, though she was only twelve, and could cook very well. Then she sat down to her knitting again, which was a very frugal amusement.

"I wonder what's keeping your father, Ellen," said her mother from the bed.

"I don't know, mother. It's not very late yet. He'll be home by and by. You know he was going over the shoulder of the hill to-day."

Ellen knew that he ought, by rights, to have been home at least half an hour ago. But at length she heard the distant sound of a heavy shoe upon the point of a great rock that grew up from the depths of the earth and just came through the surface in the path leading across the furze and brake to their cottage. She always watched for that sound—the sound of her father's shoe, studded thick with broad-headed nails, upon the top of that rock. She started up; but instead of rushing out to meet him, went to the fire and lowered the pot. Then, taking up a wooden bowl, half-full of oatmeal neatly pressed down into it, with a little salt on the top, she proceeded to make a certain dish for her father's supper, of which strong Scotchmen are very fond. By the time her father reached the door, it was ready, and set down with a plate over it to keep it hot, though it had a great deal more need, I think, to be let cool a little.

When he entered, he looked troubled. He was a tall man, dressed in rough gray cloth, with a broad, round, blue bonnet, as he called his head-gear.

His face was weather-beaten and quiet, with large, grand features, in which the docility of his dogs and the gentleness of his sheep were mingled with the strength and wisdom of a man.

"Well, Ellen," he said, laying his hand on her forehead as she looked up into his face, "how's your mother?"

And, without waiting for an answer, he went to the bed, where the pale face of his wife lay upon the pillow. She held out her thin, white hand to him, and he took it so gently in his strong, brown hand! But, before he had spoken, she saw the trouble on his face, and said:

"What has made you so late to-night, John?"

"I was nearly at the fold," said the shepherd, "before I saw that one of the lambs was missing. So, after I got them all in, I went back with the dogs to look for him."

"Where's Jumper, then?" asked Ellen, who had been patting the neck and stroking the ears of the one dog which had followed at the shepherd's heels, and was now lying before the fire, enjoying the warmth none the less that he had braved the cold all day without minding it a bit.

"When we could n't see anything of the lamb," replied her father, "I told Jumper to go after him and bring him to the house; and Blackfoot and I came home together. I doubt he'll have a job of it, poor dog! for it's going to be a rough night; but if dog can bring him, he will."

As the shepherd stopped speaking, he seated himself by the fire and drew the wooden bowl toward him. Then he lifted his blue bonnet, or Scotch cap, from his head, and said grace, half aloud, half murmured to himself. Then he put his bonnet on again, for his head was rather bald, and, as I told you, the cottage was a draughty place. And just as he put it on, a blast of wind struck the cottage and roared in the wide chimney. The next moment the rain dashed against the little window of four panes, and fell hissing into the peat-fire.

"There it comes," said the shepherd.

"Poor Jumper!" said Ellen.

"And poor little lamb!" said the shepherd.

"It's the lamb's own fault," said Ellen; "he should n't have run away."

"Ah! yes," returned her father; "but then the lamb did n't know what he was about, exactly."

When the shepherd had finished his supper, he rose and went out to see whether Jumper and the lamb were coming; but the dark night would have made the blackest dog and the whitest lamb both of one color, and he soon came in again. Then he took the Bible and read a chapter to his wife and daughter, which did them all good, even though Ellen did not understand very much of it. And then he prayed a prayer, and was very near praying for Jumper and the lamb, only he could not quite. And there he was wrong. He should have prayed about whatever troubled him, or could be done good to. But he was such a good man, that I am almost ashamed of saying he was wrong.

And just as he came to the "Amen" in his prayer, there came a whine at the door. And he rose from his knees and went and opened the door. And there was the lamb, with Jumper behind him. And Jumper looked dreadfully wet, and dragged, and tired, and the curls had all

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come out of his long hair. And yet he seemed as happy as dog could be, and looked up in the face of the shepherd triumphantly, as much as to say, "Here he is, master!" And the lamb looked scarcely anything the worse; for his thick, oily wool had kept away the wet; and he had n't been running about everywhere looking for Jumper, as Jumper had been for him.

And Jumper, after Ellen had given him his supper, lay down by the fire beside the other dog, which made room for him to go next the glowing peats; and the lamb, which had been eating all day and did n't want any supper, lay down beside them. And then Ellen bade her father and mother and the dogs good-night, and went away to bed likewise, thinking the wind might blow as it pleased now, for sheep and dogs, and father and all, were safe for the whole of the dark, windy hours between that and the morning. It is so nice to know that there is a long *nothing to do!*—but only after everything is done.

Ellen lay down in her warm bed, feeling as safe and snug as ever child felt in a large, rich house in a great city. For there was the wind howling outside to make it all the quieter inside; and there was the great, bare, cold hill before the window, which, although she could not see it, and only knew that it was there, made the bed in which she lay feel soft, and woolly, and warm. Now, this bed was separated from her father and mother's by a thin partition only, and she heard them talking.

"It was n't the loss of the lamb, John, that made you look so troubled when you came home to-night," said her mother.

"No, it was n't, Jane, I must confess," returned her father.

"You've heard something about Willie?"

"I can't deny it."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"I sha'n't sleep a wink for thinking whatever it can be, John. You would better tell me now. If the Lord would only bring that stray lamb back to his fold, I should die happy,—sorry as I should be to leave Ellen and you, my own John."

"Don't talk about dying, Jane; it breaks my heart."

"We won't talk about it, then. But what's this about Willie? And how came you to hear it?"

"I was close to the hill-road, when I saw James Jamieson, the carrier, coming up the hill with his cart. I ran and met him."

"And he told you? What did he tell you?"

"Nothing very particular. He only hinted that he had heard, from Wauchope, the merchant, that a certain honest man's son—he meant me,

Jane—was going the wrong road. And I said to James Jamieson, 'What road could the man mean?' And James said to me, 'He meant the broad road, of course.' And I sat down on a stone, and I heard no more; at least, I could not make sense of what James went on to say; and when I lifted my head, James and his cart were just out of sight over the top of the hill. I dare say that was how I lost the lamb."

A deep silence followed, and Ellen understood that her mother could not speak. At length, a sob and a low weeping came through the boards to her keen mountain ear. But not another word was spoken; and, although Ellen's heart was sad, she soon fell fast asleep.

Now, Willie had gone to college, and had been a very good boy for the first winter. They go to college only in winter in Scotland. And he had come home in the end of March, and had helped his father to work their little farm, doing his duty well to the sheep, and to everything and everybody; for learning had not made him the least unfit for work. Indeed, work that learning does really make a man unfit for, cannot be fit work for that man,—perhaps is not fit work for anybody. When winter came, he had gone back to Edinburgh, and he ought to have been home a week ago, and he had not come. He had written to say that he had to finish some lessons he had begun to give, and could not be home till the end of the month. Now, this was so far true that it was not a lie. But there was more in it; he did not want to go home to the lonely hill-side,—so lonely, that there were only a father and a mother and a sister there. He had made acquaintance with some students who were fonder of drinking whisky than of getting up in the morning to study, and he did n't want to leave them.

Ellen was, as I have said, too young to be kept awake by brooding over troubles, and so, before half an hour was over, was fast asleep and dreaming. And the wind outside, tearing at the thatch of the cottage, mingled with her dream.

I will tell you what her dream was. She thought they were out in the dark and the storm,—she and her father. But she was no longer Ellen; she was Jumper. And her father said to her, "Jumper, go after the black lamb and bring him home." And away she galloped over the stones, and through the furze, and across the streams, and up the rocks, and jumped the stone fences, and swam the pools of water, to find the little black lamb. And all the time, somehow or other, the little black lamb was her brother Willie. And nothing could turn the dog Jumper, though the wind blew as if it would blow him off all his four

legs, and off the hill, as one blows a fly off a book. And the hail beat in Jumper's face, as if it would put out his eyes or knock holes in his forehead, and yet Jumper went on.

But it was n't Jumper; it was Ellen, you know.

Well, Jumper went on and on, and over the top of the cold, wet hill, and was beginning to grow hopeless about finding the black lamb, when, just a little way down the other side, he came upon him behind a rock. He was standing in a miry pool, all wet with the rain. Jumper would never have found him, the night was so dark and the lamb was so black, but that he gave a bleat; whereupon Jumper tried to say Willie, but could not, and only gave a gobbling kind of bark. So he jumped upon the lamb, and taking a good hold of his wool, gave him a shake that made him pull his feet out of the mire, and then drove him off before him, trotting all the way home. When they came into the cottage, the black lamb ran up to Ellen's mother, and jumped into her bed, and Jumper jumped in after him; and then Ellen was Ellen and Willie was Willie, as they used to be, when Ellen would creep into Willie's bed in the morning and kiss him awake. Then Ellen woke, and was sorry that it was a dream. For Willie was still away, far off on the broad road, and how ever was he to be got home? Poor black lamb!

She soon made up her mind. Only how to carry out her mind was the difficulty. All day long she thought about it. And she wrote a letter to her father, telling him what she was going to do; and when she went to her room the next night, she laid the letter on her bed, and, putting on her Sunday bonnet and cloak, waited till her parents should be asleep.

The shepherd had gone to bed very sad. He, too, had been writing a letter. It had taken him all the evening to write, and Ellen had watched his face while he wrote it, and seen how the muscles of it worked with sorrow and pain as he slowly put word after word down on the paper. When he had finished it, and folded it up, and put a wafer on it, and addressed it, he left it on the table, and, as I said, went to bed, where he soon fell asleep; for even sorrow does not often keep people awake who have worked hard through the day in the open air. And Ellen was watching.

When she thought he was asleep, she took a pair of stockings out of a chest and put them in her pocket. Then, taking her Sunday shoes in her hand, she stepped gently from her room to the cottage door, which she opened easily, for it was never locked. She then found that the night was pitch dark; but she could keep the path well enough, for her bare feet told her at once when she was going off it.

So, dark as it was, she soon reached the road. There was no wind that night, and the clouds hid the stars. She would turn in the direction of Edinburgh, and let the carrier overtake her. For she felt rather guilty, and was anxious to get on.

After she had walked a good while, she began to wonder that the carrier had not come up with her. The fact was that the carrier never left till the early morning. She was not a bit afraid, though, reasoning that, as she was walking in the same direction, it would take him so much the longer to get up with her.

At length, after walking a long way,—longer far than she thought, for she walked a great part of it half asleep,—she began to feel a little tired, and sat down upon a stone by the road-side. There was a stone behind her, too. She could just see its gray face. She leaned her back against it, and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she could not think where she was, or how she had got there. It was a dark, drizzly morning, and her feet were cold. But she was quite dry. For the rock against which she fell asleep in the night projected so far over her head that it had kept all the rain off her. She could not have chosen a better place, if she had been able to choose. But the sight around her was very dreary. In front lay a swampy ground, creeping away, dismal and wretched, to the horizon, where a long, low hill closed it. Behind her rose a mountain, bare and rocky, on which neither sheep nor shepherd was to be seen. Her home seemed to have vanished in the night, and left her either in a dream or in another world. And as she came to herself, the fear grew upon her that either she had missed the way in the dark or the carrier had gone past while she slept,—either of which was dreadful to contemplate. She began to feel hungry, too, and she had not had the foresight to bring even a piece of oat-cake with her.

It was only dusky dawn yet. There was plenty of time. She would sit down again for a little while; for the rock had a homely look to her. It had been her refuge all night, and she was not willing to leave it. So she leaned her arms on her knees, and gazed out upon the dreary, gray, misty flat before her.

Then she rose, and, turning her back on the waste, kneeled down, and prayed God that, as he taught Jumper to find lambs, he would teach her to find her brother. And thus she fell fast asleep again.

When she awoke once more and turned toward the road, whom should she see standing there but the carrier, staring at her. And his big strong horses stood in the road too, with their carts behind them. They were not in the least sur-

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prised. She could not help crying, just a little, for joy.

"Why, Ellen, what on earth are you doing here?" said the carrier.

"Waiting for you," answered Ellen.

"Where are you going, child?"

"To Edinburgh."

"What on earth are you going to do in Edinburgh?"

"He thought I was asleep in my bed," returned Ellen, trying to smile. But the thought that the carrier had actually seen her father since she left home was too much for her, and she cried again.

"I can't go back with you now," said the carrier, "so you must go on with me."

"That's just what I want," said Ellen.

"Well, put on your shoes and stockings, my



"WHOM SHOULD SHE SEE STANDING THERE BUT THE CARRIER, STARING AT HER."

"I am going to my brother Willie, at the college."

"But the college is over now."

"I know that," said Ellen.

"What's his address?" the carrier went on.

"I don't know," answered Ellen.

"It's a lucky thing that I know, then. But you have no business to leave home this way."

"Oh yes, I have."

"I am sure your father did not know of it, for when he gave me a letter this morning to take to Willie, he did not say a word about you."

dear. Bare feet and this bleak morning air go poorly together. We'll see what we can do."

Then he heaped in a corner of the cart some of the straw with which it was packed, threw a tarpaulin on top, lifted the little girl upon it, and covered her with a few empty sacks.

"Is n't this near Edinburgh?" she asked, wistfully, for it seemed to her they were very, very far from home.

The carrier shook his head, looked puzzled, chirruped thoughtfully to his horses, and off they started.

(To be continued.)

A BUTTERCUP.

By K. C.

A LITTLE yellow buttercup
 Stood laughing in the sun;
 The grass all green around it,
 The summer just begun;
 Its saucy little head abrim
 With happiness and fun.

Near by—grown old, and gone to seed,
 A dandelion grew;
 To right and left with every breeze
 His snowy tresses flew.
 He shook his hoary head, and said:
 "I've some advice for you.

"Don't think, because you're yellow now,
 That golden days will last;
 I was as gay as you are, once,
 But now my youth is past.
 This day will be my last to bloom;
 The hours are going fast.

"Perhaps your fun may last a week,
 But then you'll have to die."
 The dandelion ceased to speak,—
 A breeze that capered by
 Snatched all the white hairs from his head,
 And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbor first looked sad,
 Then, cheering up, he said:
 "If one's to live in fear of death,
 One might as well be dead."
 The little buttercup laughed on,
 And waved his golden head.

DRUMMER FRITZ AND HIS EXPLOITS.

By HOWARD PYLE.

ALL these events happened in the reign of good old King Stephanus of Stultzburg.

That worthy monarch had but one child, and that child was a daughter. He thanked Heaven duly for the blessing of any offspring whatsoever, but would rather have had a son. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, he would have considered himself happy, but for one insupportable nuisance that, like a peg in the shoe of a rich man, made his existence miserable.

Just outside the walls of Stultzburg, the capital of his kingdom, there dwelt in a castle, perched high upon the summit of a cliff, a robber baron of the name of Todweldt, whose frequent depredations upon the worthy citizens became in course of time rather annoying; and, finally, when a royal convoy from the court of France—bearing in charge a dress of the very latest fashion for the Princess Rosetta of Stultzburg—was attacked, dispersed,

and the dress captured, the princess stirred up her father, who stirred up the prime minister, who stirred up the parliament, who bestirred themselves in the matter; and a law outlawing the baron was enacted.

Upon the whole this did not seem to greatly trouble the baron, who continued the evil tenor of his ways in spite of the strong disapproval of good King Stephanus and his parliament; so at length the monarch, losing all patience, issued a proclamation in which it was set forth that whoever would bring him the head of Baron Todweldt should have his daughter, the Princess Rosetta, to wife, and one-half of the kingdom to boot.

This was, of course, a great temptation to the numerous needy barons, counts, and other nobles, who infested Stultzburg, as well as other similar kingdoms, like so many hungry rats; but when it was recollected that Baron Todweldt, besides

being extremely irritable, not to say savage, in his temper, stood seven feet three inches high in his jack-boots, they all felt a delicacy in annoying him about such a matter.

Soon after this time a little drummer, named Fritz, came trudging across the heath toward Stultzburg, seeking his fortune. His possessions consisted of a drum, a knapsack, his clothes, two farthings, and a hearty appetite, the latter of which he would willingly have dispensed with had he enjoyed the opportunity.

Upon reaching Stultzburg he bought him a piece of bread and a sausage, whilst eating which and sitting upon the head of his drum, his eyes fell upon the royal proclamation. This he read over carefully, and with a great deal of interest; then finishing his repast with some mysterious purpose stirring within him, he hurried away toward the royal palace.

The king was engaged in a game of piquet with his prime minister, Count Sigismund von Dollindorff, taking relaxation thereby from the cares of state. The drummer, with a military salute, immediately, and without more preface, stated his willingness to undertake to bring His Majesty Baron Todwelt's head.

The king and the prime minister looked at the little chap for a moment with unconcealed astonishment, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"What is your position?" said the king, as soon as he was able.

"A military leader, your majesty."

"Ah! and of what rank?"

"A drummer, if it please your majesty."

"O Saint Sigismund!" gasped the count, and immediately roared again.

"Well, my bold little fellow," said the king, condescendingly, "you may attempt it to-morrow if you wish, or to-night for that matter,—my deal, I believe, Count." And so the drummer was dismissed.

II.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the drummer started on his mission in search of Baron Todwelt's head.

On his way toward the robber's castle he sat down to rest beside an old ruin overgrown with vines and briars. In one place a few stones fallen out of the wall opened an aperture into a dark, gloomy dungeon, the passage being just large enough for the body of a middle-sized man.

An idea in conjunction with the ruin seemed to strike Fritz. He carefully inspected the hole, and then hurried away toward the baron's castle.

At first when he presented himself the attendants were of half a mind to throw him over the cliff into the Rhine, but upon his reiterating his demand to

see the baron, they at length thought better of it, and conducted him into their lord's presence.

"Hilloa! what do you want here, manikin?" growled the gigantic baron in a deep and terrible voice, at the same time scowling down on little Fritz as a toad might on a cricket.

"O my noble lord!" answered the drummer, trembling with an only half-assumed dread, "I come to seek employment of your lordship."

"Where did you come from, sand-flea!"

"Stultzburg, my lord."

"Hah!"

"O sir, King Stephanus has dismissed me from court, and all because I was supposed to know about a secret treasure."

"Hah!" ejaculated the baron again—this time with a milder accent than before, for the word "treasure" struck his ears very soothingly; "and do you know where King Stephanus's secret treasure is now?"

"Oh yes, noble sir."

"Now observe me, wood-louse!" said the baron.

"If you are telling me the truth and will conduct me to this treasure, I'll make your fortune. If you are deceiving me—by the great Todwelt that ate a whole pig! I'll have you sewed into a sack and thrown into the river like a kitten! Do you mark me, pigmy?"

The drummer nodded.

"And now will you guide me to that place?"

The drummer nodded again.

Upon this the baron took down a huge two-handed sword from the wall, threw a sack over his shoulder for the supposed gold, and motioned the drummer to lead while he followed close behind. Thus they proceeded to the noble old ruin that the drummer had noticed.

"My gracious lord," said Fritz, when they had reached this place, "this is the spot I spoke of. Follow me." With that he dropped on his hands and knees, and scrambled through the hole in the wall. The baron hesitated for a moment, for the hole was very small, but finally he proceeded with some difficulty to follow his guide. Now Baron Todwelt, beside being a very tall man, had, by the use of much beer and sauerkraut, grown to be decidedly stout. Accordingly, when about half-way through the aperture, he found himself plugged in as tightly as a cork in a bottle. It was in vain that he kicked and swore; the kicks tore his clothes, and the oaths mended nothing. He roared to the drummer, as he paused for a moment in his struggles, that as soon as he had extricated himself he would chop him up into small pieces and eat him raw, for guiding him into such a tight place.

"My noble lord," said the drummer, "I did n't

know that the hole was so absurdly small. Let me hold your sword for you while you try again."



THE KING AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.

The baron readily complied, for the sword was very much in his way; but no sooner had the drummer gained possession of it than, seizing the baron by the hair, in spite of his wrathful bellows, he chopped off his head. Then tumbling it into the sack which the baron had so conveniently brought, and, leaving the body where it was, for it was wedged very tightly in, he made his way out of a hole in the ceiling, and so back to Stultzburg.

The king was very much surprised to see the drummer, whom he supposed to be by this time utterly demolished; but he was still more astonished when, with the words, "Your majesty, your commands and the princess's beauty accomplish wonders. I have brought you the baron's head"—the drummer tumbled it upon the floor without more ado.

At first his majesty was delighted to see the head of his old enemy, but then, upon second thoughts, felt very badly about it indeed; for monarchs,

as a general rule, disapprove of their daughters marrying drummers. Accordingly, he desired Fritz to go to the buttery, where he should be well fed, while he stayed to consult his prime minister upon the matter.

III.

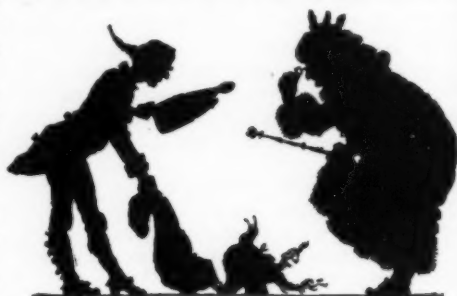


FRITZ GUIDES THE BARON.

THE next morning, when the drummer presented himself in the royal presence, the king addressed him thus: "Brave sir, I have ceded to you the princess and the half of my king-

dom. Of course, you are aware that the crown represents the kingdom, and without that a man is no king. Very unfortunately, your crown is at present in charge of the civil and military authorities of Stultzburg. Now," continued the king further, "these civil and military authorities are very jealous of the crown, and should you inadvertently show yourself to them while endeavoring to obtain it, they may accidentally shoot you on the spot, or clap you into prison for the rest of your natural existence, which would be very uncomfortable indeed. If, to-morrow morning, you bring me the crown, the princess is yours. If you do not bring it, and after that time you are discovered in my dominions, I cannot answer for your safety. Good-morning."

Now, the truth was, the unprincipled king had caused his crown to be locked in a strong box, the key of which he intrusted to the mayor, and in



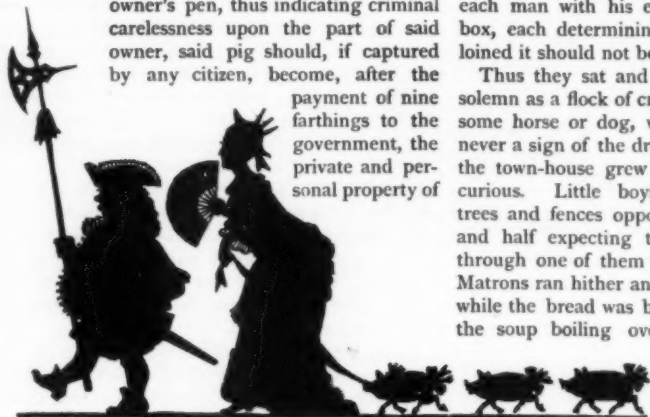
"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE BARON'S HEAD."

charge of these same civil and military authorities, with strict orders to arrest any one who should appear in the council-room where the box was to be kept, and convey him instantly to prison.

Now Stultzburg was a great sausage manufacturing town. Every week whole droves of pigs were driven in, and every week whole miles of sausage were carried out of it. Everybody owned pigs, and the more any one owned, of the more consequence he was held in Stultzburg. The Princess Rosetta herself possessed a drove of the prettiest little pink pigs in the kingdom, with blue ribbons on their tails; and the government owned very extensive sties, the pigs from which, by some mysterious means, were apt to find their way into the private pens of the councilors and financiers. All the little school-boys of Stultzburg were taught to write as a motto in their double-lined copy books: "The pen is mightier than the sword;"

and instead of candies, it was customary to give them sausages, or, if a boy was very good indeed, a nicely browned tail of a little roast pig.

In one clause of the constitution of Stultzburg, it was set forth that whenever a pig strayed from its owner's pen, thus indicating criminal carelessness upon the part of said owner, said pig should, if captured by any citizen, become, after the payment of nine farthings to the government, the private and personal property of



THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGS.

said citizen, taxable according to Clause XXVI. It is unnecessary to say that this was one of the most strictly enforced laws of Stultzburg, and one that was not likely to be rebelled against, except by the unfortunate owners of stray pigs, who, after all, always had the consolation of hoping to make good their loss at an early day. The Stultzburg pigs, you see, finding themselves so highly prized, felt that they were no ordinary creatures, and every day grew more impatient of restraint.

The civil and military authorities who had charge of the crown of King Stephanus were composed, the one of the mayor and syndics of the city, the other of a squad of a dozen soldiers, commanded by a corporal and sergeant-at-arms. The crown, securely locked in a strong box, the key of which

carved oaken chair, from which dangled his legs, not nearly reaching the floor. Beside him, on a lower seat, sat his secretary, a tall, big-jointed, hungry-looking man, with a huge queue like an Indian war-club, and around the table the council, each man with his eyes intently fixed upon the box, each determining that were the crown purloined it should not be his fault.

Thus they sat and stood all that livelong day, solemn as a flock of crows mourning the decease of some horse or dog, while all the time there was never a sign of the drummer. The crowd outside the town-house grew constantly more dense and curious. Little boys perched and sat on the trees and fences opposite, watching the windows, and half expecting to see the drummer fly out through one of them with the crown in his hands. Matrons ran hither and thither through the crowd, while the bread was burning in the oven at home, the soup boiling over on the stove, the baby

tumbling into the fire, or, scarcely worse, upsetting the crock of sauerkraut.

At length night drew on apace, and yet never a

sign of the drummer. The crowd thinned from around the town-house, and by the time the great clock in the assembly-room pointed to nine, the hour at which every good burgher commonly sought repose, the good men winked and blinked in the candle-light like so many owls.

But a sound suddenly broke on the ear!

The mayor was almost in a doze, but at that sound a glitter of life awoke in his leaden eye. He started and clutched the arm of his chair convulsively, as did each and every one of the town council clutch his.

The sound was heard again: It was—yes, it was the squealing of a pig—A STRAY PIG.

The mayor, than whom none ever loved a pig better, writhed in his chair, as did all the council-



"POOR PIGGY LED THE WAY."

the mayor held clutched tightly in his fat, puffy little hand, stood in the center of a table, at the head of which the mayor was perched upon a high,

men, squirming in an agony, their duty calling them to watch the crown, their inclination drawing them to the stray pig.

Again the pig squealed; this time a continuous, long drawn-out squeal, as though some one were endeavoring to capture him by means of the handle which nature has so kindly provided. The mayor's face turned cherry red with excitement, while great drops of perspiration rolled bead-like down his pink forehead.

One more squeal and he would stand it no longer.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried he, sliding off his chair to his feet, "I am taken suddenly sick—deathly sick. Guard the crown, gentlemen, while I am gone, like loyal subjects. There is the key." And without further ado he threw the key down upon the table and rushed out of the council-chamber.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried the secretary, rising hastily,—for he, too, wished to capture the stray pig,—"Gentlemen, I am bound in duty to go and look after my poor master." Thereupon he, too, bolted out.

"Here!"—"Hi!"—"Stop!"—"Stop him, somebody!"—"I'll go!"—"No, I will!" Such were the cries that rose upon every side, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. Each one of the council called upon his fellows to remain behind while he went to bring back the town clerk, and as the noise grew louder each shouted and screamed at the top of his voice to make himself heard above his neighbors'; so, with much crowding, hustling, tearing of wigs and bruising of shins, each trying to thrust his neighbor back and be himself foremost, they all struggled toward the door. In the confusion, little Johann Blitz was smothered nearly to death, and stout Wilhelm Stuck almost punctured by the corner of a table against which he was crushed by the crowd. At last, each still bellowing to the others to stay back and mind the crown, they one and all rushed pell-mell after the pig, the mayor, and the town clerk, who were just disappearing in the distance. The soldiers also, being poor men with families, followed the steps of their superiors, and, headed by the corporal and sergeant-at-arms, rushed in a double-quick in the track of the others.

When the council-chamber was cleared in this manner, the drummer, who had turned loose a greased pig in the street, walked in, and, finding the key still lying upon the table, quietly unlocked the box, took out the crown, locked the box again, replaced the key, and then made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile, in the street was uproar and confusion, hubbub and scampering. This way and that, with shrill squeals, the poor piggy led the way, and the town council and soldiers rushed helter-skelter after. Never in the memory of the oldest

inhabitant had such a riot occurred in their usually quiet town. Windows were thrown up and night-capped heads thrust forth; some screamed "fire," some "murder," and some "thief;" some shouted for the night-watch, and vigorously sprung their night-rattles; others, seeing the town council and the soldiers apparently fleeing for their lives from some unseen foe, supposed an enemy had gained the town, and shouted lustily for mercy and quarter.

The mayor was a stout, barrel-shaped little man, with legs that seemed telescoped shortly by the weight of his ponderous paunch, yet he skimmed over the ground like a very greyhound, his great magisterial gown flapping behind him like gigantic wings, and his enormous wig pushed askew in the stress of his excitement. Close behind him bounded the town clerk, finding it impossible, long as his legs were, to overtake his superior, and immediately after him rushed the clamorous rout of councilmen and soldiers.

Three separate times did the mayor convulsively clutch the slippery tail of the pig, and three times did it glide through his fingers, until at last, in one abortive attempt, he stumped his toe upon the curb-stone, and fell heavily and at full length in the gutter. At the same moment, the town clerk, leaping forward, fairly clutched the struggling pig in his arms, and bore it away in triumph to his own private pen.

The rest of the crest-fallen dignitaries turned their steps toward the town-house, when, for the first time, they recollected the crown, and began to feel frightened at their neglect of duty; and in direct ratio as they drew nearer, their emotions grew stronger, until, fairly breaking into a run, they dashed into the town-hall with a confusion only exceeded by that with which they had rushed out.

Great was their relief when the first thing that met their eyes was the strong box, standing upon identically the same spot where they had left it, with the key also lying as before upon the table. They never thought of examining whether the crown was there or not. In the first moments of relief, they took immediate measures for discharging the town clerk from office on account of exaggerated neglect of duty, and these were carried into execution by the unanimous vote of the assembly. After this act of duty, they sat with redoubled vigilance around the strong box, which they supposed to contain the crown.

At the earliest peep of the following day, the drummer presented himself at court with the crown securely tied up in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief.

"Your majesty," observed he, as he untied the handkerchief with his teeth, "I have accomplished

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the task you set me. Here is the crown." And, with these words, he laid it gracefully at his majesty's feet.

"Potztausend!" cried the king, starting up. "Am I not rid of you yet? Out of my presence and kingdom! Ho, there! My guards!"

The royal body-guard entered.

"But, your majesty," said the drummer, "I have your own royal promise of the hand of the princess, made in this palace yesterday morning."

"Humph!" said the king, in a calmer voice. "Well, I will not arrest you. Retire to the buttery for the present. As for you, guards, go and arrest the town council, and throw them into prison."

The drummer, with much unwillingness, caused by his anxiety to see the princess, retired to the

The princess was exceedingly annoyed at the affair, as one may well suppose, for she was by no means inclined to enter the matrimonial state with a mere drummer. She rated her poor papa right soundly, but that did not in any way mend matters; so they presently all three set about cudgeling their brains for some expedient by which to escape from their dilemma. At length, thanks to the princess's ingenuity, one was hit upon which they proceeded to put into execution.

According to the princess's plan, the drummer was called to the royal presence, and loaded with distinctions and honors. He was created commander-in-chief of the armies of Stultzburg, and Baron of Dumblebug. The armies consisted of one hundred and twenty-three men, officers and privates, and the baronage, of nothing at all. Moreover, he was created grand querry, in place of old Count Wilhelm von Guzzle, who, besides having the gout severely, was sand-blind; and he was decorated with the star and ribbon of St. Stephanus.

Drummer Fritz was at first intoxicated with delight, but as this emotion somewhat cooled his wits warmed, and he shrewdly suspected that some mischief was afoot. He requested to be presented to his intended bride, but King Stephanus politely refused his request, telling him that he would meet her first at the church on the morrow. He was then informed, moreover, that, in compliment to himself, the bride-maids were to be selected from the most beautiful burgher-maidens of the city.

The next morning arrived, and the hour for the marriage. The king proceeded to the church with his daughter, the princess. The prime minister, in company with three lords of the court, appeared at the apartments of the newly made baron, and escorted him to the coach in waiting. The drummer was attired in a suit of blue velvet lined with pink satin, which became him exceedingly, and in which he was handsome enough to win the heart of the most fastidious maiden in Stultzburg at first sight.

The king met the bridegroom at the church-door, and himself assisted him to alight.

"Baron," said his majesty, in a playful tone, "what should be done to you, do you think, if you should choose one of the burghers' daughters rather than the princess at the last moment?"

"I should deserve to be stripped of all my honors and whipped out of Stultzburg at the tail of a cart," said Fritz, boldly.

"Very well. Recollect, gentlemen, in case he fails to take the princess herself, he has pronounced his own sentence," said the king.

By this time they had entered the church.



THE ROYAL BODY-GUARD.

buttery, while the body-guard marched off to fulfill the king's orders.

Just as the poor mayor and council were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the excellent manner in which they had performed their allotted task, in marched the body-guard and took them all prisoners. Then for the first time they learned that they had been carefully watching an empty box all night. They were immediately clapped into prison. However, the locks being out of order, and the keeper falling asleep over his newspaper in the afternoon, they all walked out again, and joined their bereaved families once more.

IV.

POOR King Stephanus was more annoyed than ever at the pertinacity of the persistent drummer. Twice had he sent him to accomplish the most difficult tasks, and yet here he was again, safe and sound. His majesty now concluded to take his daughter into council on the subject, as well as the prime minister.

"Behold your bride!" said the king.

One hundred and twenty-seven maidens, dressed precisely alike, stood in a row,—the bride and her bride-maids.

The drummer was rather taken aback at this sight.

"Which is she, your majesty?" queried he. "Recollect, I have never seen, and cannot know her."

"You should recognize inherent royalty whenever you see it," said the king. "Escort your bride to the altar; but should you take any one but the princess, your own sentence shall be surely performed upon you."

Fritz saw the drift of affairs now.

"Madam," said he, stepping forward and bowing,—*"Princess, I salute you."*

Here he looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens, who one and all courtesied at the same moment. The drummer was bewildered.

Collecting himself, he advanced another step, remembering that the bride-maids were all burghers' daughters.

"Ladies," said he, "I thank you for the honor you have done me and my intended bride by your presence. Yesterday I was but a poor drummer. To-day honors have been heaped upon me. I have been created a noble, I have command of the armies of this great kingdom, and soon it will be but for me to stretch forth my hand and wealth will be within my grasp. I am a soldier, ladies, and have a soldier's heart; but never in the wildest dreams of my fancy did I imagine such beauty could be found in the world as that I now see."

The one hundred and twenty-seven maidens cast down their eyes and blushed; and even the princess began to say to herself:

"He certainly is a very agreeable man, and quite handsome, too."

"When I came here this morning," continued the drummer, clearing his throat, "I came with the intention of taking the princess for my wife; but when I see her standing beside beauty that so very far surpasses her own, I feel ashamed of the base motives that then actuated me. Royalty! What is royalty? Royalty is great, but beauty is greater; and one lady here, whom I now have my eye upon,—here one hundred and twenty-six maiden hearts went into quite a flutter,—*"has so far surpassed the princess in beauty, that all my base intentions I cast aside as worthless dirt, and ask that one peerless beauty who has so suddenly yet so completely conquered my love, will she accept honor, glory, and a soldier's heart?"*

Here he stopped abruptly, and again looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens.

One hundred and twenty-six maidens, each taking his words to herself, blushed, trembled, fluttered, and looked down. *One* looked straight before her, and was very angry.

Fritz stepped quickly forward to the one, and bowed so low that the curls of his great periwig touched the floor.

"Madam," said he, "forgive your slave for the means he used to single you out. It was my only chance."

It was the princess.



THE FAIR-MINDED MEN WHO WALKED TO DONAHAN.

BY JOEL STACY.



Two wise men walked to Donahan
Upon a rainy day,—
Heigho!

With one umbrell' between them.
They hit upon an honest plan
For both to have fair play,—
Heigho!

I wish you could have seen them.

Says one: "I'll hold it half the way,
And you the other half,—
Heigho!

And safely we'll go skipping."
But soon his neighbor said: "Nay, nay,
You're dry, and have your laugh,—
Heigho!

While I catch all the dripping.

"Now *this* we'll try: Your head poke through
And I will do the same,—
Heigho!

There! nothing could be better.
Now one umbrella'll serve for two,
And neither'll be to blame,—
Heigho!

If t' other gets the wetter."

And so they walked to Donahan,
Nor found the journey long,—
Heigho!

Until they fell a-wheezing;
"The bargain's honest, man to man,"
They said; "but something's wrong,"—
Heigho!

As on they went—a-sneezing.

ROBBIE TALKS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

MAMMA was very busy that morning. So she gave Robbie a paper of tacks, and the small hammer, and stationed him away off in the other corner of the room. Driving nails was his favorite amusement, and kept his tongue more quiet than anything else. So, as soon as he was busily at work, nailing away on a piece of board, mamma took her work, hoping to have a quiet hour. But Robbie was especially sociable that morning.

"Mamma," he began, after he had driven a grove of tacks into the board, "I know how to make a wheel." Mamma said nothing, and he went on: "Take a hoop just the size you want your wheel; then have an axle turned, of course, an' holes bored in for the spokes; an' then take sticks, an' stick all 'round, an' tack it on to the hoop. Don't you think that's the best way?"

"I guess so," said mamma, absently.

"Mamma," said he again, coming up toward her, "I can turn a summerset. Do you want to see me turn one over?"

"No," said mamma. "Go and play."

"What shall I play?" he asked. "I've driven all the tacks I want to. It's mis'ble driving tacks all the time."

"Well, then, take your blocks," said mamma.

Robbie ran and pulled out the box where they were, but then said: "What shall I build?"

"Oh, whatever you like!" said mamma.

"Would you build—a—street-car?" said Robbie.

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, how do you build a street-car?"

"Why, you know how, Robbie!"

"Not 'thout any horse, an' my Christmas horse has got his leg broke off."

"Dear me! Well, build an engine," said mamma, "and *don't* talk!"

"Well!" said Robbie, meekly.

For a few minutes he was still, and mamma became very much absorbed in her work. Pretty soon he began talking, in a low tone, to himself.

"Oh dear! This engine's so loaded it can't go."

Mamma took no notice, and he went on, singing softly to himself, mixing scraps of songs he had heard in a droll melody, to the tune of "Lord Lochinvar," which was a great favorite of his.

"Mamma," said he, suddenly, forgetting that he was not to talk, "don't you s'pose I know how to build a house? You just take some boards, an' nail 'em up all 'round, an' then get on to the roof an' nail on the roof."

"Well, never mind now!" said poor mamma.

"I've got my engine all done," was the next piece of information that greeted mamma's ears, "'cept the smoke-stack an' the break. Oh! an' I have n't got any front or boiler."

"Have you got steam-chests?" asked mamma, knowing that when that engine was done she would be called on to plan a new play.

"Oh! I forgot the steam-chests," he said, meditating rather soberly for a minute, but suddenly brightening up. "This is 'nother kind o' engine; it does n't have any steam-chests at all. Mamma, what shall I do now?"

"Look at some pictures?" asked mamma.

"Yes; the rat-tail book," said Robbie.

"The *what*?" asked mamma.

"The one 'at's got rat-tails an' fishes," said Robbie, earnestly.

"Oh!" said mamma, laughing, "the reptile book! Well, here it is," and she handed down to him one volume of "Woods' Natural History." He laid it open on the carpet, threw himself down before it, and for a short time there was peace. But soon he began again: "Mamma, what's that?"

"A frog," said mamma, glancing at the picture.

"Oh! Don't you wish you could see a frog?"

"No. I know how a frog looks," said she.

"Well, how big would he be?"

"Oh dear!" said mamma, looking up. "Bigger than a flea, and not so big as a horse."

She hoped that would be a settler, and it did quiet him for a minute. But his curiosity soon got the better of him, and he said, "Is he big as a dog?"

"Depends on the size of the dog."

"As big as Tige?" "No."

"Big as half of Tige—the head half?" "No."

"Well, what is a flea?"

"A flea!" said mamma, thinking how to describe that interesting object. "If you see a black speck, and then don't see it—that is, probably, a flea."

That was a poser, and for some time Robbie stood by the window and pondered this mystery. Pretty soon he came up to mamma, and whispered softly in her ear:

"Mamma, there's something funny over the other side of the room ought to be looked at."

"What does it look like?" asked mamma.

"I don't know! Do you think it is a flu?"

"A *what*? What is a flu?" asked mamma.

"I don't know. You said so."

"Oh, you mean a flea!" said mamma, laughing.

"I think not. Now, Robbie, you *must* run away." Robbie slowly walked over to the window and

looked out at the trees, which were tossing about in the wind. There he broke out, eagerly: "Oh, mamma! just see the trees wiggle! An' your g'ranium has all laid down; I guess it's tired."

"Well, I *know* I'm tired," said mamma, laughing, "and I wish you would run out in the yard."

Robbie started; but at the door he met papa, who was just coming in.

"Robbie, what is that?" asked papa, pointing to the block structure on the carpet.

"Why, that's an engine!" said Robbie, amazed that one could ask such a question.

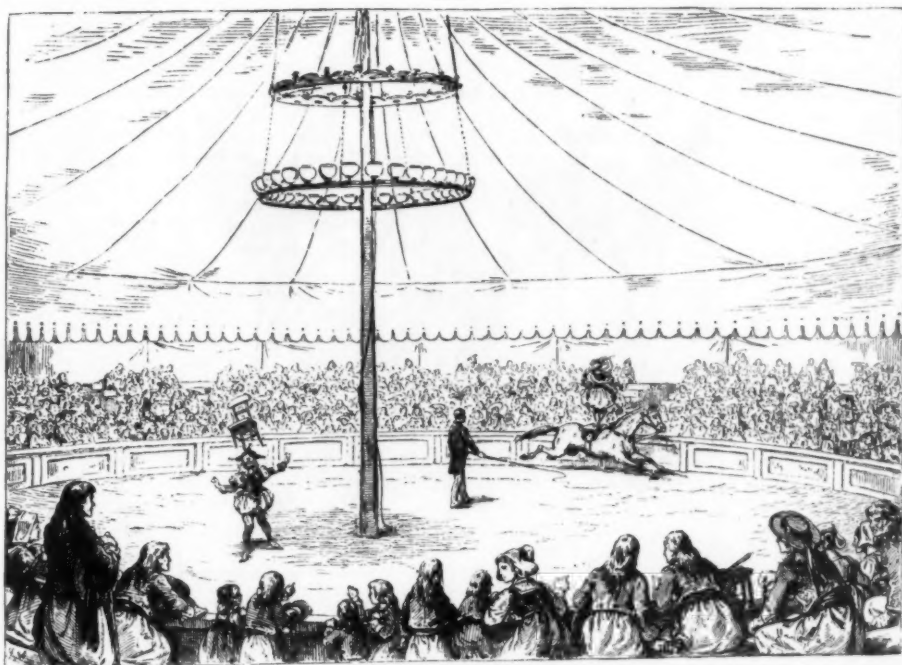
"Oh, is it? I never suspected it," said papa.

"It's a new kind. It is n't like the engines in this world," said Robbie.

"Nor in any other, I think," said papa.

AN AMERICAN CIRCUS IN BRITTANY.

By WM. M. F. ROUND.



LOOK on the map of France and you will see a broad peninsula, rugged and mountainous, jutting out into the sea between the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. It is the country of the Bretons, a people whose history is full of incident, whose lives are picturesque and wild, and who have an old-fashioned way of being guided by the ways of their fathers. In every part of France the word Breton stands for all that is quaint and uncouth in French life. It is there somewhat as it would be

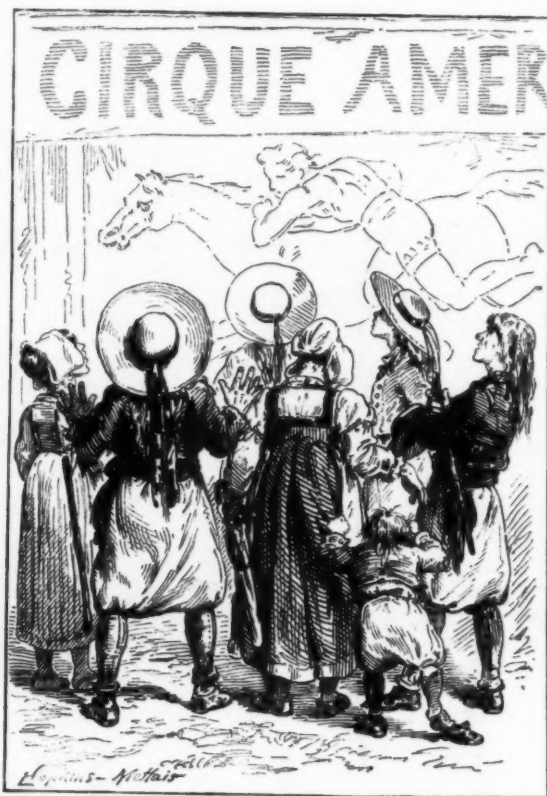
here if the little band of Puritans who came to our country had kept themselves separated from the rest of America, holding to their traditions and superstitions, and had brought the surroundings of the gallant Miles Standish down to our nineteenth century unchanged. How they would be studied, and what an interesting study they would be!

To-day the Bretons are very much what they were a century ago,—yes, more than that,—perhaps two or three centuries ago. They are superstitious,

bigoted and picturesque. They come to the markets clad in skins in winter and in sackcloth in summer. They cultivate the soil in the rudest manner with wooden plows, and are content in all the ways of life to live as their fathers lived.

We often hear of the son standing in the shoes of the father, and this may be said literally of the

public square, a tremendous yellow-and-red poster has been displayed for a week past, and crowds of admiring peasants, more picturesque than tidy, have stood before it in admiring wonder from morning till night. Its long trains of mottled horses, its hump-backed camels and bulky elephants, have been commented upon until their



THE PEASANTS BEFORE THE POSTER.

Bretons. It often happens that a pair of leather shoes is handed down from father to son. These shoes last a long time, for they are only used on rare occasions, rude wooden shoes, or *sabots*, being commonly worn. Not one in ten of the grown people can read and write, and newspapers are a luxury enjoyed only by the rich. The people are simple-minded and credulous, but in money matters they are not too simple to make exceedingly shrewd bargains.

Now, in a country like this, in a town like this quaint, old-fogyish Quimperlé, just fancy an American circus making its appearance. Here, in the

minutest points are known to every peasant within ten miles. A commotion was created one day by a cynical old one-eyed beggar declaring that the proprietors of the circus were emissaries of the Prussian government, and from that suspicion it came to be pretty generally understood that the man who drove the triumphal car in the painted cavalcade was Prince Bismarck, although the bill announced, in plain English, that it was the Anglo-American circus that was coming. The people did n't quite take in the word Anglo; but American was plain to such of them as could read French, on account of its similarity to the same word in that language.

As the writer was known to be an American, he was called on many times to give explanations of the figures on the bill; and any ignorance regarding them would have thrown doubt at once on his nationality. Was that like an American elephant? Does the President of the United States ride in a coach like that?—pointing to the musicians' car. How many ostriches could a good sportsman shoot in a day in America? Do all the people in America wear feathers like that red Indian on the bill?

All these questions, and many more, were continually put and faithfully answered.

At last the circus came. Bright and early on that wonderful morning all Quimperlé was up and dressed in its best clothes to see the grand entry of the circus. Tramp, tramp, tramp into the town, from all quarters, the people came. All the *sabots* clattered in one direction toward the great square, where busy hands were putting up the tent. Every town in Brittany has its distinctive *coif*, or women's head-dress, and every variety was here represented. The men came with their huge pockets stuffed with great buckwheat cakes, and women brought loaves as big as the top of a pail, by way of slight refreshment at midday. Every man and woman who had children brought them all, from the carefully

They peered into windows, followed carriages, and stuck to every stranger until he was forced to empty his pocket of coppers to be rid of them.

And the boys! Some of them had saved their sous till the necessary franc had been reached, and they were happy. Some of them had n't a sou to their name, and they were plunged into the depths of misery. In an unlucky moment, remembering that some half a century back I was a boy myself, I gave a franc to a bright-eyed little Breton to go to the circus. In front of my window is a low wall, about fifteen inches high. It is about one hundred feet long, and is a good place to sit; nobody can go in or out of the hotel without being seen by persons sitting on that wall. I gave the franc at three o'clock; at half-past three that wall was covered with boys from end to end. You could n't have wedged in one anywhere without shoving one off at one end or the other. What were they there for? I found out when I left the house. Each one had done me some service—or imagined he had—and came to ask for a franc in consequence. It's astonishing what memories these boys had—upon what pretenses they dared to ask me for a franc. One had handed me a chair in church, another had asked to go rowing with me, and having volun-



"THE WALL WAS COVERED WITH BOYS FROM END TO END."

wrapped-up infant to the gawky boys and girls who are always tumbling over their own or somebody else's *sabots*.

And the beggars! It was "corn in Egypt" for them. They came like bees round a cask. There were blind beggars—at least they said they were blind. There were lame beggars, and sick beggars, and palsied beggars,—in fact, every kind of beggars but clean beggars. They beset one at the doors.

They teared to pull an oar for a while, had just thought to ask pay for it; another had brought me a daily plate of strawberries, for which his mother had already charged me twice their market price. Those boys were too much for me. I fled.

At last the hour of performance came, and such a scene as I witnessed within that tent—which, by the way, was a remarkably handsome tent—I never expect to see again. On tiers of seats, one above

the other, were rows of the broad, velvet-banded hats, and snowy coifs, and underneath them full-flushed healthy faces of old men and children, young men and maidens, who waited anxiously for the entrance of the ring-master. It was to us, Americans, simply a very good circus—to them it was fairy-land. We saw only spangles and bullion-lace—they saw gold and gems. We saw only painted clowns—they saw mysterious and wonderful beings. They were a lot of grown-up children. They screamed with delight at the antics of the clown, and they yelled with admiration when Mlle. Bell rode around the ring on her

fiery charger. They would have enjoyed themselves a great deal more but for one drawback. They could not understand the clown's jokes. Such a thing as a French clown is all but an impossibility; and it seems almost equally impossible for an English clown to learn French. So we few Americans and English gathered there were obliged to explain the jokes over and over again for the benefit of our Quimperlé friends, who laughed, but did not understand. But we did it all very willingly, for we were patriotic enough to wish the best impression should be left by the American circus in Brittany.

THE STARS IN SEPTEMBER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE DIPPER.

I PROPOSE now, in accordance with my promise last month, to give a brief account of the seven bright stars of the Dipper, as they really are, not merely as they appear in the sky. I take them as the most convenient, and in several respects also as the best, illustration of what applies in reality (with changes in matters of detail) to all the thousands of stars we see, and to thousands of times as many stars, which only the telescope reveals to us.

When you look during the evenings of this month at the stars of the Dipper, seen low down toward the north, in the position shown in Map I. for the month, you see seven small points of brilliant light,—each of them seems like the “little star” in the familiar nursery rhyme. If the eye were a perfect optical instrument, and the air were perfectly transparent and still, and if, also, light,

yonder in space, even the seven little stars we see would be very much reduced in seeming size. They would appear as mere points. The most powerful

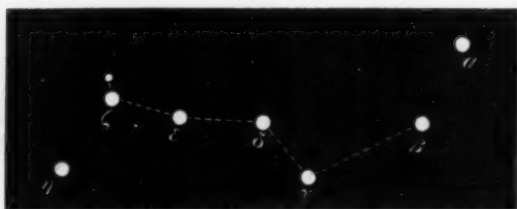


FIG. 2.

telescope men have yet made, and probably the most powerful men ever will make, would not show these seven stars larger than points, such that the human eye could perceive no breadth in those minute disks. Such are the stars, even the leading ones, to the natural eye. In the mind's eye, however, these seven stars are very different objects. I am not going to draw on my imagination in what I am about to tell you. I am not going to show what these stars *may* be, but to describe what science assures us that they *are*.

SIZES OF THE STARS OF THE DIPPER.

In the first place, then, every one of these seven points of light is an enormous globe, not only larger than the earth on which we live, but thousands or rather hundreds of thousands of times larger. How large they really are we do

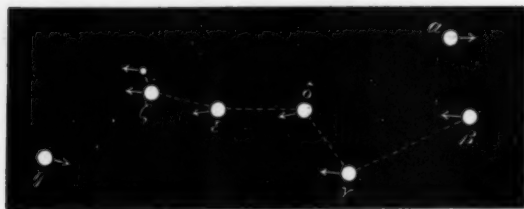


FIG. 1.

instead of traveling to us in waves of many lengths, gave us an exactly truthful account of what is out

not know; we do not even know how far away they are; but we *do* know, they are so far away that our sun removed to where the nearest of them is would not look so bright as the faintest of the seven. They *may* be so far away that our sun

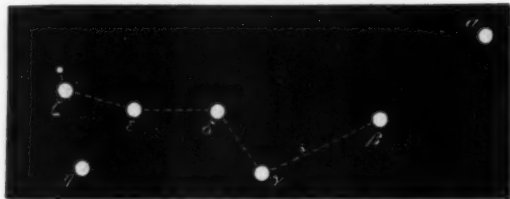


FIG. 3.

removed to their distance would scarce be seen at all, or would even require a powerful telescope to show him; but that he would not be so bright as Delta, the middle one, and the faintest of the seven, is certain. In considering what this means, you should remember that the sun himself looks only a small body. We might well believe, so far as appearances are concerned, that he is no larger than the moon, and the moon no larger than yonder hill that hides her from our view as she sets. But the sun is in reality a globe exceeding our earth one million and a quarter times in volume. If such a globe as our earth, only, were set aglow with a brightness so great that every part of her surface shone more resplendently than the piece of lime used in the calcium lantern (and one cannot easily look at that piece of lime so glowing), and this enormous mass of white-hot fire were set traveling away toward the nearest star of the Dipper, it would be utterly lost to view before it had traversed a fiftieth part of the distance. Think of this when you look at the Charles' Wain!

THEIR COMPOSITION.

Secondly, every one of the seven stars consists of matter like that in our sun, glowing with intense luster. You will remember, perhaps, how last October I described the method by which the watery vapor in the atmosphere of Venus makes its presence known to us when we use the instrument called the spectroscope. I then showed that distance does not prevent us from recognizing vapors of various kinds in the atmosphere of a luminous body, so long as

the light reaches us in sufficient amount. In the case of the stars, distant though they are, we get the same sort of information. And thus we learn that iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, hydrogen, and others of our familiar elements exist in the atmospheres of the stars, just as we have found that they exist in the atmosphere of our own sun. These seven stars, like our sun and their fellow-suns, are great masses of intensely hot matter, all around which there lies a deep atmosphere of glowing gases, including in the vaporous form many of those elements, such as our metals, which the greatest heat we can use serves only to melt, not to burn, into vapor.* You know that at a certain low degree of heat water

is solid, at ordinary heat it becomes fluid, and at a great heat—much hotter than the greatest the hand can bear—water turns into steam or vapor. Iron only becomes fluid at a heat far greater than that at which water boils. You can imagine, then, how intense the heat must be at which molten iron turns into iron-steam. But in the sun and in his fellow-suns the stars, iron, and substances still more stubborn in their resistance to heat, are turned into the form of vapor. The *air* of every star is a mixture of iron-steam, zinc-steam, calcium-steam, and many other such fiery vapors, besides hydrogen; and all these vapors are so hot that they shine with their own inherent luster. Imagine an atmosphere such as this, where the clouds which form are metallic drops, and the rains which fall are sheets of molten metals!

THEIR MOTION.

But thirdly,—and this is the point to which I want chiefly to direct your attention,—every one of

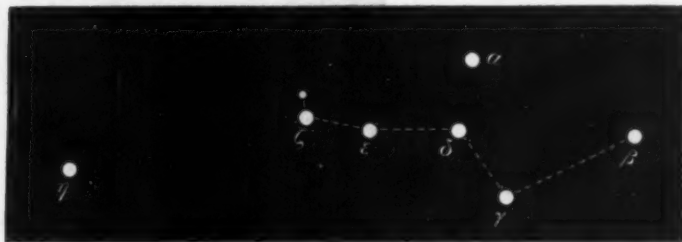


FIG. 4.

these seven suns is in swift motion. It was formerly supposed that the fixed stars really were at rest, because year after year, and century after century, passed without showing any change in their position. But gradually—even before the telescope was much used in observing the places of stars—it

* I must mention—without explaining, however—that by means of electricity, the most stubborn metals can be vaporized in small quantities, and for a brief space of time. But I am speaking above of such heat as we obtain in furnaces.

began to be suspected that they are slowly shifting in position on the vault of heaven. Later, very close attention was paid to the point, the telescope being used to determine the exact positions of a great number of stars, and now about 2,000 have had their slow motions on the star-vaults measured, and set down in tables for the use of astronomers employed in observatories. It occurred to me, seven or eight years ago, that it would be interesting to picture these star-motions in maps; for tables, after all, though very pleasant in their way, are not very clear in their teachings. I made, therefore, two charts, one of all the northern stars, the other of all the southern stars, whose motions have been ascertained. These charts are given in a book of mine called "The Universe;" but a sufficient idea of the method I employed may be derived from Fig. 1 on page 730, showing the movements of the seven stars of the Dipper. The little arrows attached to the seven stars show the courses along which these stars are moving. But the length of each arrow has a meaning, too, for it is made proportional to the rate at which the star is changing its place. I have said above that the stars are in *swift* motion; and I have also spoken of the stars as *slowly* shifting in position. I think you will presently admit that both these descriptions are correct. For, first, each arrow in the figure has a length corresponding to the distance its star travels during *thirty-six thousand years*. After this enormous period, the stars will have moved from their present positions to the points of their respective arrows, so that the shape of the Dipper will then be as in Fig. 2.

It will be easy for the young student now to find to the usual way of reckoning, less than a fifth of the shape of the Dipper at any time, past or to this interval has elapsed since the very beginning

come. Fig. 3 shows the shape it will have 100,000 years hence; Fig. 4 shows the shape it had 100,000 years ago.*

Comparing Fig. 2 with Fig. 1, it cannot but be admitted that the change is small for an interval so long as 36,000 years. Consider that, according



* It may be well for me, perhaps, to explain that my charts of the motions of stars in the Great Bear, etc., were published *before* M. Flammarion wrote a paper called "The Past and Future of a Constellation," in which he made use of my charts, as I have myself done above. I do not in the least mind any one's borrowing from me without acknowledging the obligation,—an omission which can easily result from carelessness,—but I do not wish it to be thought that I have myself borrowed without acknowledgment where, in reality, I am only using my own material, gathered at the cost of some labor by the way.

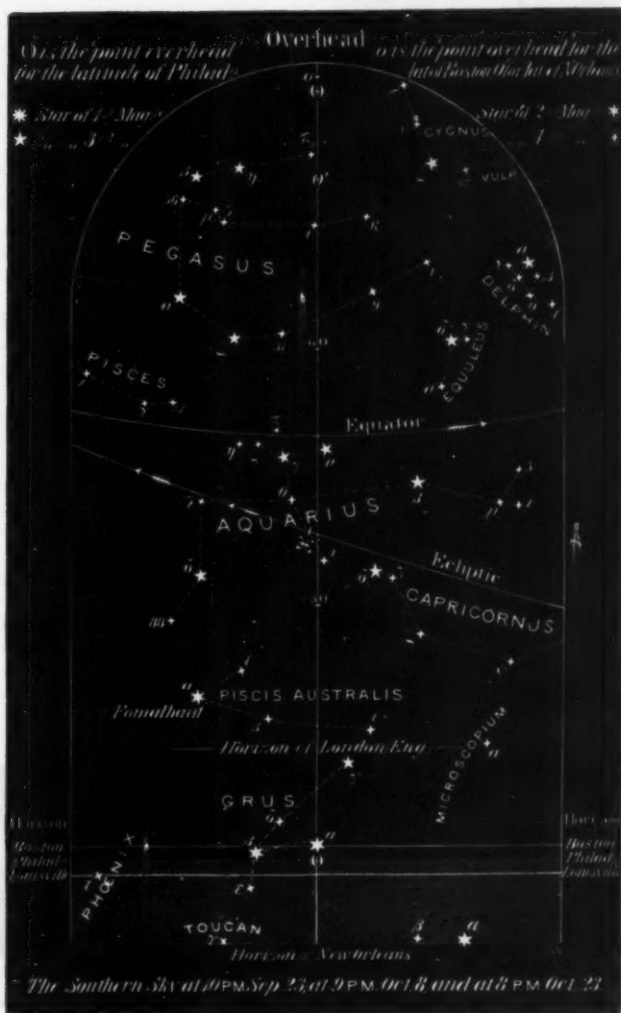
of our history, and that all the time these slow stars have been creeping over only a sixth part of the short arc on the heavens which measures their motion during 36,000 years, as shown in Fig. 1.

Yet a very easy calculation will show that the same motion which is so slow when thus measured is, in reality, enormously swift. If you notice the arrows in Fig. 1, you see that the length of each differs very little from the distance between ζ and the companion star, Jack-by-the-Middle-Horse. Now, this distance is equal to about half the apparent diameter of the sun. Thus, if any of these stars were at the sun's distance from us, its arrow would be equal in real length to about half the sun's diameter, or considerably more than 400,000 miles. But the nearest of all the stars is more than 200,000 times farther away than the sun; and there is every reason to believe that each one of the seven stars of the Dipper is at least five times farther away than the nearest star, and probably farther away still. Thus the arrow attached to each of the seven stars represents a thwart distance of a million times 400,000 miles, or 400,000,000,000 miles at least. So that, as this distance is traversed in 36,000 years, the distance traversed each year is more than 11,000,000 miles. As there are about $31\frac{1}{4}$ million seconds in a year, it follows that the thwart motion of each of these stars amounts to at least one-third of a mile per second. This is about five times the swiftness of a cannon-ball, and for a giant mass like a sun, doubtless with an attendant family of planets, represents a truly tremendous energy of motion. But probably the real distance of these seven stars is so great that their thwart motion is very much greater. We come now, however, to the most wonderful point of all.

THE FAMILY OF FIVE.

In all four figures, it will be noticed, the five stars, β , γ , δ , ϵ , ζ besides the companion star of ζ ,

occupy much the same position. The breaking of the Dipper is caused by the motions of α and η , not by those of the other five stars, which move as though they were all connected together and formed a single system. Noticing this, and finding that in other parts of the stellar heavens a similar



phenomenon could be recognized, I was led to believe that these are really cases of drifting motions among the stars,—in other words, that there are sets or systems of stars traveling together, each as a single family, through space, and that the five stars β , γ , δ , ϵ , and ζ form one of these families.

Now, it so chanced that a method had recently been indicated for measuring the motions of stars from or toward us,—not the thwart motions by which they change their apparent position in the sky, but the motions by which they change their



FIG. 5.

distance from us. I do not now enter into an explanation of this method, simply mentioning that the light waves as they come in from a star show by their nature whether the star is moving from or toward us, and at what rate. Here, then, was a means of testing my theory that five stars of the Dipper form a single family; for if they do, then all five are, of course, receding from us, or approaching us, at the same rate. The matter was put to the test two or three years after I had suggested the trial; and it was found (by Mr. Higgins, the present president of the Astronomical Society) that the five stars are all receding at the same common rate of seventeen miles per second.

Thus, when you look at the Dipper, the seven points, which you see seemingly at rest, are, in reality, seven splendid suns, certainly much larger, and probably very much larger, than our own; they are all raging with fiery heat and glowing with the most intense luster; they are all rushing with inconceivable swiftness through the depths of space; and, lastly, five of them, though separated from each other by millions of millions of miles, form, nevertheless, a single family (of which the companion of ζ is a subordinate member), and rush as one system through space, each attended by its own family of dependent worlds!

THE STARS FOR SEPTEMBER.

And now let us turn to the stars for the month. You will note that the northern map requires no explanation this month, all the constellations shown in it having already been described. The map is necessary, like the northern map for the next two months, to complete the series. For the observer should be able, from his set of monthly maps, to begin the work of studying the stars, at any part of the year. But for the description of the various constellations shown in the northern map for this month, he can refer to the account given for other months, when these constellations were visible, but differently placed.

The case is different with the southern stars. These change all the year round,—not like the northern stars by merely circling round the pole,

changing in position only as the hand of a clock does,—but new constellations coming constantly into view until the circuit of the year has been completed.

Yet we shall not have occasion this month for any lengthened descriptions, even of the southern stars. It has been for this reason that I selected this month for the account I have given of the real nature of the stars in the Dipper. It seems to me, indeed, that merely to learn the stars is little, unless we know what they are. Then only have the glories of the starlit heavens their real meaning for us.

THE WATER-BEARER.

The chief ecliptical sign this month is Aquarius, the Water-bearer, though the tail of the Sea-goat has not yet passed very far toward the west of the southern or central line of our monthly map. Although many say they can see nothing in this constellation to suggest the idea of a man carrying a water-jar, I think that no very lively imagination is required to portray such a figure among the stars. The man himself, indeed, is wanting; but that is a detail,—the water-can and the streams are there. The jar is formed by the stars η , ζ , π , γ and α , as shown in Fig. 5. I am not quite sure whether originally the mouth of the jar may not have been fancied at α , and the handle at η . At present the jar, as you see in the southern map, comes horizontally to the south, and it matters little which end of the jar we suppose to be the mouth. But some four thousand years ago (and the constellation is at least six thousand years old), it came to the south with the end η considerably higher than the end α ; and as the idea was always that of a man pouring out water, I think the lower end of the jar was probably regarded as the mouth. You can easily see that the set of stars would serve either way—



FIG. 6.

perhaps rather better the old way (as I suppose) than as in Fig. 5, for η and ζ mark rather a stem than an opening, whereas the two stars α and β (if not \circ also) as in Fig. 6, would serve to represent the open mouth of a jar. Both ways the stars π and γ would correspond to the body of the jar. The streams are not shown in the map because formed of small stars. Nor could they easily be presented, except in a large picture. But if you look attentively, you will see in the sky itself two streams, extending from below the star (rather from below α

than from below π , by the way), one passing windily toward the star Fomalhaut,—the mouth of the Southern Fish,—the other flowing windily over the Sea-goat, and thence along what is now called the Crane (Grus), a set of stars unquestionably belonging to the old water-streams of Aquarius.

The sun in his annual motion passes the point of the ecliptic marked π , or, in technical terms, enters the sign Pisces on or about February 18.

Little need be said about the remaining constellations visible toward the south. *Piscis Australis*, or the Southern Fish, is chiefly remarkable for the bright star Fomalhaut in the fish's mouth. It may interest you to learn that the Arabs, before they learned the Greek constellations, called the Southern Fish the First Frog; a part of *Cetus* (the Whale), who figures toward the south next month, being called the Second Frog.*

THISTLE-PUFFS.

BY INA CAROL.

I HAVE a lovely bouquet. The flowers, as I call them, are large, white and beautiful; the petals, "feathers," wings, or whatever they may be,—you see I am no botanist,—are soft as down, and are just such little things as I often have seen floating in the air on bright summer days, each one carrying, as the legend runs, a message up to the angels. Now thousands of these fairy wings are folded quietly, though I suppose they really are bound also on the earthly errand of distributing seeds,—just looking beautiful while they await their time of flight. Intermingled with these flowers are long, delicate sprays of a kind of pampas grass, whose flowers seem the prettiest things that ever grew upon grass blades, for their beauty is enhanced by being surrounded by white, feathery shafts, which look like a silvery veil, through which the delicate flowers look out with a softened beauty. Such is my bouquet, arranged in graceful form. The white, downy flowers are beautiful enough to have been gathered in fairy-land, yet a little girl discovered them by the country road-side, and I will tell you how it happened.

Katie Gilman was Dr. Pierre's little patient; she had been sick for a long time, and the kind-hearted doctor could not endure to see her die just for the want of pure country air; so he took her from the close, stifled atmosphere of her poor home to a quiet place in the country, where a kind, motherly woman would tenderly care for her. By the doctor's orders, Katie lived in the air and sunshine. At first, her bed was rolled close to the windows, where she could breathe the fresh air and feel the warm sunshine rest upon her. By and by, they carried her out to the veranda, and on warm days they often made a cot for her underneath the trees, where she would lie and watch the blue sky and

the beautiful earth, and listen to the voices of the trees as they whispered to her in their soft, sweet, leafy way, and to the humming of the bees, and the singing of the birds, and all those sweet sounds in nature that come so clearly to an invalid's ears.

All these things did Katie a world of good. They stole away her pain and weakness; she grew strong enough to sit up, and slowly she learned to walk again.

Among the many beautiful things that came to Katie during that happy summer was the discovery of thistle-puffs. Just across the road was a hill, and everything grew on it just as it liked. In the spring, there were sunny spots that were blue with violets, and there were plenty of dandelions and buttercups and daisies. In the summer, there were purple flowers near the road-side that looked so pretty to Katie's eyes that she begged Johnny (the kind lady's little boy) to get some for her. He said, "Pooh! they are only thistles, and horrid things to prick." Yet, to please Katie, he filled a little basket full of the purple flowers, and she took so much comfort in looking at them, that when they wilted she did not like to throw them away. So she tied them in bunches, and Johnny hung them up in a corner of the veranda, and many times more he brought her pretty thistle-flowers, and they were always hung up when they had lost their beauty.

At last, there was such a long row of them that everybody laughed, and they wondered how Katie could love the despised thistle—"the very flower," they said, "with which the ground was cursed when Adam sinned." Only the old Scotch gardener blessed Katie in his heart, and told her he loved the thistle too, for in his native land they proudly wore it as their national emblem—because

* See "Letter-Box."

it once had been the means of saving dear old Scotland from the Danes.

But Katie did not like to be laughed at. So she determined to throw away all of the wilted flowers. But, first, she must say good-bye to the poor little things. As she petted one of the dead flowers, and smoothed over its faded purple petals, she began to pull them out, and discovering there was

delighted with them, and told her she might make beautiful winter bouquets by arranging with them some pretty grasses which he would bring her. So when the promised grasses came, she made a great many of the pretty bouquets, and the gardener sold them in a city store, and gave her more money for them than Katie had ever dreamed of possessing. She was glad, for she thought now they



A THISTLE-PUFF.

something within, she picked off the prickly outer coat. And what do you think she found? A beautiful white "flower," that trembled and fluttered as it burst forth. Mrs. Allen (the kind lady) called it the "resurrection flower," and seemed glad that it had bloomed so beautifully after death.

So none of the thistles were thrown away, and from every one there came a fairy flower. Katie showed them to the Scotch gardener. He was

could pay the doctor for a little of his kind care. But he would not touch a penny of the money Katie had earned in such a happy way.

Thus many comforts were added to Katie's home through the thistle bouquets, and in many city homes the pretty thistle flowers gladdened many hearts; for all winter long they whispered of summer sunshine and beauty, and promised to many a happier blooming in the second life.



BY MRS. FRANCES M. LATHROP.

PANCHY'S home was in a highly aristocratic suburb of New York City, called Orange Mountain. There is a delightful tone in that name to me.

Oranges, in my own young days, were not the every-day dessert of children, as now, when steamers run quickly from port to port, bringing the tropics to our very thresholds. In those days these rich golden globes were rare enough to be put into our Christmas stockings, and their very flavor was of a more ambrosial sweetness—their juice a nectar to be sparingly sipped, as something too rare and precious for common use. Another pleasant association with this name is in the famous Orange County butter and cream, which I cannot help believing always to be better, and of a more golden hue, by virtue of this name. But Panchy cared nothing for this suggestive and pleasant sound in the name of his home. He was a forester, and lived under the old roof-tree that had sheltered his ancestors for generations. You perceive in this last remark that Panchy was not destitute of the distinction of counting a long queue of grand and great-great-grandfathers, stretching far behind him out of sight and memory. However, his having had so many grandfathers did not make him either ashamed or too lazy to work, and he was happy and busy all day long, earning bread for himself and his little

ones. Indeed, nothing would have tempted him to exchange his greenwood home for a five-storied brown stone corner house on Fifth avenue; and as for any one of those white marble palaces, that look cold and as homeless as a monster tomb, I assure you that Panchy would n't have given a beech-nut for one. It is quite time to tell you that Panchy came into this beautiful world with a pair of bright black eyes that twinkled like jet in the sunshine, and found himself clad in a suit fitting like a glove, of warm and delicate gray fur, for it is also time to say that our friend Panchy was a pretty little gray squirrel. His house was the hollow of an old oak-tree, that had room enough for all Panchy's uncles, aunts and cousins, and here they led as merry a life as ever was known in squirrel-land.

When Panchy had fairly opened his bright eyes upon the green Gothic arches of his forest home a terrible fate befell him. A great giant lived near the old oak house. You and I would have called this giant a boy, for he was just ten years old, and his name was Bob; but to poor little Panchy he seemed half a mile high, as he crept close to the old oak one day, and while Panchy was shivering with terror, and trying to hide away under his own tail, Bob, the giant, stretched out a long arm and suddenly pounced upon the little

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fellow, and in an instant Panchy was a prisoner, sure and fast. He was a brave squirrel at heart, and instead of crying out or struggling to get free, he looked up into the boy-giant's face with a bright glance that quite won his captor's heart. Bob had really intended to strip off Panchy's beautiful fur suit and sell it for a little girl's muff, but he was touched by the courageous way in which Panchy had met his capture, and while he was half resolving to set him free again in the old woods, the noise of wheels was heard. Bob looked into the road and saw an open carriage in which were seated two ladies, the younger of them driving.

As they came up with Bob, the elder lady gave him a quick look, and exclaimed: "Why, Fanny, there's the very thing we want—a lovely gray squirrel!" "Come here, my boy. Would you like to sell me that little squirrel?" This unlooked-for piece of good luck brought a bright smile to Bob's face. He could receive the full value of Panchy's soft coat, and yet save the little fellow's life. He hurried to transfer Panchy to the lady's hand, fearing that she would take back her proposal to buy him. But, no; she took from her portmonnaie a half dollar, which Bob grasped eagerly, with a sense of having come into a very comfortable fortune all in a moment. The ladies were on their way to town to visit an old friend who had often wished for a pet squirrel, and especially a gray one. This lady's name was Mrs. Hillar. She had neither husband nor children, and led rather a lonely and sad life in the great city of New York.

Her home was one of those great corner piles of brown stone which Panchy could not but despise. It had not even an inch-wide strip of green grass anywhere near it. The area was a solid stone floor, and the little space of ground in the back yard—which would have given a bit of grass, a few flowers, and some climbing vines to conceal, like a mantle of charity, the sin of ugly board fences—was buried under heavy granite slabs, like grave-stones.

But we must see how Panchy fared in the new home. Mrs. Hillar was perfectly delighted with him. She had a companion—Miss Dot—who was called up at once to see the pretty little Panchy. Little Miss Dot had the kindest heart in the world, and she was as happy in Panchy's arrival as if she, like Bob, had come into some sudden fortune. Mrs. Hillar at once promoted Panchy to a higher rank and title, more befitting his aristocratic origin and present state and dignity, and he was called Don Panchito. His own private apartment was a large wire house of two rooms. The largest of them was parlor, dining-room and sleeping-chamber. His bed was a fine silvered net-work basket, and it was swung high up on the wire wall of his cage. This pretty nest was furnished in winter

with soft scarlet wool-stuff for blankets. In this luxurious home, and in spite of his new grand title, our little friend was still only Panchy at heart. He hated his gorgeous prison, and devised a thousand plans of escape. The second room of his house was a very curious place. It was his promenade, his garden, his forest, and in time became his chief delight. There was a contrivance in this room which had the effect of a complete illusion in Panchy's mind. This was a hollow space inclosed by wires, called a wheel, which whirled rapidly around and around the moment that Panchy entered it and began to run. He used to dart like a flash into this wheel and run for miles and miles, all the while believing himself to be escaping to his dear old Orange Mountain. Each morning, as Panchy opened his eyes at the earliest light, his first thought was of freedom in his forest home, and he instantly sprang into the wheel and raced off like an express train, while the wheel only whirled round and round, never of course bringing him a step nearer his heaven.

In time, however, little Panchy began to perceive that he was leading a very easy life. Mrs. Hillar and good little Miss Dot were entirely devoted to his happiness, and left nothing untried for his comfort. Luxurious living soon spoils the best of us, whether boys, girls or squirrels. Panchy soon insisted upon a change in his bill of fare whenever he liked, and would refuse walnuts, filberts, almonds, or fruits, simply because he was bent on a dinner of chestnuts. He knew perfectly how to manage Mrs. Hillar and Miss Dot, for as soon as he began to refuse his usual food, these two good souls were in terror of his starving to death, and they went on trying him with every imaginable delicacy until the right thing was hit on. Then Panchy gloried in his victory, and set about inventing new wants.

Sometimes it was a feast of sweet potatoes, then a bunch of white grapes, and everything must be of the best quality,—fresh and sweet,—or Don Panchito went fasting for a whole day. At night another attendant, Alice, the house-maid, was called to make up the Don's bed freshly. In the midst of all this luxury, Panchy did not forget the native instincts of his race, but preserved a business-like thrift. However great his hunger, he always put aside for future use a nut or two before beginning his dinner. When a chestnut or walnut was given to him, he instantly set out on a journey in the wheel, and after running to what he evidently thought a safe distance, he darted into a corner of his parlor, or leaped into his bed, and hid the nut out of sight, returning instantly to the door of his cage for a new supply. Sometimes when a favorite kind of nut was presented to him, he stored it away for a future choice feast; and if no other

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one of the same sort was given, he would eat a commoner kind of food. As years went on, he might have learned to trust the never-failing supply of dainties always ready; but no; this wise little manager never forgot the chances of a rainy day that beset this life, and continued to lay up his second meal before consuming the first one.

A full biography of Panchy's career would make up a little volume, while this is only a sketch of the main events that marked a life full of pleasures invented for him by Mrs. Hillar and her friend. His birthday (that is, the day on which he came into possession of his brown stone house) was a time of great feasting. At Christmas he had his share of holiday joys. Good Miss Dot said that Don Panchito should have a Christmas-tree! And such a tree! It was hung with nuts, grapes, red apples, and I know not what besides. The door of his house was set wide open, and in an instant he bounded toward the tree in an ecstasy of joy. How he skipped up to the topmost twig, and down again twenty times in half as many minutes! How he nibbled at the grapes, cracked the nuts as if each one was a capital joke! What holes he dug in the earth in which the tree was planted, and hid away treasures of nuts, and scampered into his cage and back again to the tree, and ate a few rose-leaves for a dessert! He was far happier than any king. At night his place was in the room of Mrs. Hillar. His cage was set on a table near her bed, and early morning greetings were always to be heard between them, and then his usual journey on the wheel began, and by the time Mrs. Hillar was ready to begin her toilette, Panchy was tired of racing, and had betaken himself to a late nap. Then the noise of Mrs. Hillar's brushes disturbed his delicate nerves, and he vented his displeasure in a sort of low grumble of complaint very funny

to hear. I am sorry to say that some people suspected him of a quick temper, but whenever a long red scratch appeared upon the face or hands of Mrs. Hillar, or Miss Dot, or Alice, these devoted friends always declared it to have been an accident on the part of Panchy's sharp claws.

When Panchy was eight years old—although squirrels seldom live over six years—he was as light of heart and foot as in the days of childhood. He dived as nimbly as ever into Mrs. Hillar's pocket every day in search of nuts, and no one thought the end was very near. But one day last spring Mrs. Hillar called out her early good morning, as usual, which Panchy did not answer. This alarmed Mrs. Hillar, and she rose to see what had happened.

The worst had happened! Poor Panchy lay in his wheel as if he had just started on the old, old journey to the oak-tree home, of which he had so long and vainly dreamed.

His days were over before any kind of evil had come upon them. The grief of Mrs. Hillar and her friend, Miss Dot, was very real and deep. They determined that Panchy should not rest in the dreary back yard, where the grass had been stoned to death. He was placed in a box, with some white flowers laid about him,—for he always loved flowers,—and conveyed to his beloved Orange Mountain, where he was laid among the trees and grasses.

Panchy had not lived in vain, for he brought sunshine into a lonely life. He had awakened feeling in some hearts that possessed few objects of love. He had given companionship where it was needed, and by his merry frolics and playful pranks charmed away many a care in the days of his mistress, returning thus four-fold for the care given to him in full measure. Will as much be said of each one of us?

HOW I WENT A-DRUMMING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WHEN I went "a-drumming" I did not take a drum with me. That would have been ridiculous, as you shall see. Nor did I go as a "drummer" for a mercantile or a manufacturing concern. Words sometimes mean so many different things that we have to be particular. What I did was to go fishing for "drums," which are certain large fish, found in Southern waters.

I was down at St. Augustine, in Florida,—that most ancient city in this country,—where there is an old fort or castle, built by the Spaniards more than three hundred years ago, and where the narrow streets, the curious stone houses with over-reaching balconies, the ruins of the old city-gates, and many other ancient and foreign-looking things, make it difficult to realize that it is really

an American city. And besides the antiquities, and the delightful climate, and the orange-trees and the roses that bloom out-of-doors all winter, there is capital fishing. Right in front of the town is the Matanzas River, and it is full of fish. You can catch them almost anywhere.

The drum-fish gets its name from its habit of making a drumming sound as it swims about, near the bottom of the river. Sometimes, as persons are rowing or sailing along the river, hundreds of these fish can be heard drumming away, down under the boat. But although there are so many of them, they are not very easy to catch; for they seem to be rather indifferent to food which they see dangling about on strings.

When I had heard about these fish, I determined, as soon as possible, to try to catch one; and one fine morning I went down to the wharf where a great many sail-boats and row-boats were lying, —most of them for hire to visitors,—and I asked an old fisherman, with whom I had become acquainted, if he could take me out after drums.

"Drums?" said he. "Do you want to go a-drummin'?"

I told him that I was very anxious to do so.

"Well," he said, "I can't go to-day, and it aint just the tide for drums, nuther."

"But the tide will be right before long, wont it?" I asked.

"Oh yes. The tide will always be right if you wait long enough. But I've got other things to do this mornin'."

"Where is a good place to go? You can tell me that, if you can't go with me yourself."

"Well—there's several good places. I kin tell you of a very good place for you to git drums, this mornin'."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Over there at the fish-market," he said. "You'll run a better chance there than any place I know of."

I saw the old fellow had not much faith in me as a fisherman, but I would not get angry with him. It's a poor business to get angry with people who may be of use to you. So I left him and hired a sail-boat, with a young man to manage it.

In a few minutes we started out, and we sailed away gayly. The young man had lines on board, and he had procured some bait before we started.

"Where is the best place for drums?" I asked, as we were sailing along by the northern point of Anastasia Island, which lies on the other side of Matanzas River, between St. Augustine and the ocean.

"The only certain place for drums is up the North River," the man answered. "That's the North River, over there. It branches off, like,

from the Matanzas. About nine miles up that river you can ketch 'em sure."

"But we can't go nine miles and back this morning," said I, "and I am not prepared to stay all day. I thought you could catch them about here."

"So you can," said he; "but you have to go down the river a long way, and with this wind and tide we would n't get there before night. You'd better fish for whittings; they bite a lot livelier than drums, and here's just the place for 'em. I did n't know you were so particular about drums. I thought you just wanted to go a-fishin'."

As there was nothing else to do, we anchored and began to fish for whiting. I baited my line with some pieces of fish the man had brought, and threw it out. It was a long line with two hooks and a heavy sinker.

Very soon I had a bite. I gave a jerk, and felt a vigorous pull. Hauling in, I drew over the side of the boat a handsome white fish, about a foot long and quite plump and fat.

"Is that a whiting?" I asked.

"Yes," said the young man; "and they're just as good eating as drums, only they're not as big."

That might be very true, but as I did n't start out drumming to catch whittings, no amount of such fish-philosophy could make me entirely satisfied.

Directly, I got a gentle bite, and feeling that something was on the hook, I pulled up. There was very little resistance as I hauled in the line, and I was indeed astonished to see come to the surface a great, flat, wide, flopping creature, somewhat of the shape and size of a very large palm-leaf fan, with a long tail like a handle. It was of a dirty-green color above and white beneath, and when it came to the top of the water it flopped and struggled a good deal.

It was a skate, not a good fish to eat, nor a very pretty one to look at. You may see some of them in the New York Aquarium, and they swim about very gracefully there, using their long tails for rudders. But they are not very nice to catch. I unhooked this fellow without pulling him entirely on board, and let him go.

"He did n't pull hard for so large a fish," I remarked.

"No," said the young man. "They never pull. They sneak on you. You ought n't to have let that fellow go. He's just mean enough to bite at your bait again. They don't mind being hooked."

Sure enough, in a short time I caught this skate again, or his twin brother, I am not sure which. And he came up in the same gentle, Uriah Heep kind of way as when he came before. I wont say that he laughed when I got him to the top of the water, but he had a very unpleasant expression.

When I had caught about a bucketful of whittings

we set sail for home. On the wharf I met the old fisherman.

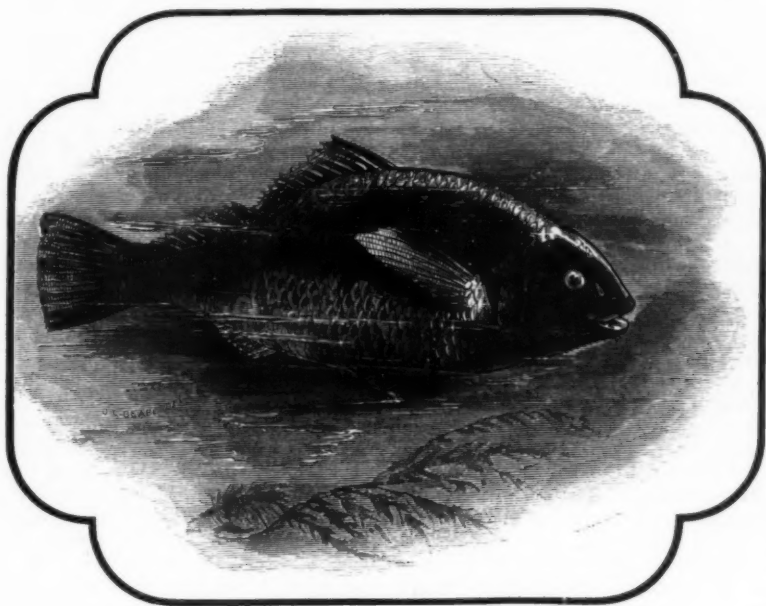
"Well," said he, "did you get a drum?"

"No," I replied; "we fished for whittings, and caught a good many of them."

"Whittings is good fish enough, but they aint drums," said he. "But we oughter be glad for what we can git. There's a row of fellers fishin' on that side of the wharf, that are satisfied with skip-jacks, which is a mean little fish as I take it."

Just then a man came down the wharf with a crab-net. This is a hoop, either of iron or of wood,

sight better eat your bait, and let the crabs alone. You had fish enough there to fry for supper, and beef enough to make a big pot of soup for the whole family, and you've sp'iled it all, fishin' for that one crab, which aint no good at all, by himself.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but I might 'a' caught a lot o' crabs.' 'That's so,' says I, 'and General Washington might have married Queen Victoria, if they'd lived at the same time, and the families had been willin'.' I tell you what it is, sir," said the old fellow, as he walked away: "there's lots o' people in this world who'd a great sight better



THE DRUM-FISH.

weighted to make it sink, with a small net attached under the hoop. Some bait is fastened in the middle of the net, and the whole is lowered to the bottom by a rope. The net is occasionally hauled up, and sometimes there is a crab in it, and sometimes there is not.

"I knowed a boy once," said the old fisherman, "who came down here, one day, with two crab-nets and a basket of bait. In each of his nets he put a big piece of beef and two or three good-sized fish. He lowered his two nets and tied the ropes to the wharf, and he spent the afternoon first pullin' up one net and then the other. I was a-mending a sail, and I kept my eye on him. He caught one crab that whole afternoon. 'Now look here,' says I to him, 'another time you'd a great

eat their bait before they spile it and get nothin' for it."

A day or two after this, I was invited by two gentlemen to go with them to fish for drum. They had everything ready,—sail-boat, lines and bait,—and we started off soon after dinner. We sailed to a place, a few miles below the town, where one of the gentlemen, a short time before, had caught two splendid drums.

When we reached the spot, and had anchored, we began to bait our lines.

"Why," said I, when I saw the bait, "do you use clams when you fish for drums?"

"No," said one of the gentlemen, "we ought to have crabs, but I could n't get any crabs this morning, and so I thought I'd bring clams."

We baited with clams, but a clam did not half cover the great hook used for drums, and the little fish ate the bait off without pulling hard enough to give us decent notice. So we soon took smaller lines and hooks and fished for black-fish, baiting with bits of some small fish which were in the boat.

We caught black-fish pretty fast, sometimes hauling up two at a time. The fish were not very large, but they bit in a lively, earnest way, as if they were anxious to attend to their part of the business as well as they could.

As I went home, I was very glad that I did not meet the old fisherman, for I did not care to be questioned about this expedition.

The next morning, as I was sitting on a box at the end of the wharf, watching the unloading of a schooner which had just arrived from New York, the old fisherman came and sat down by me.

"Did you ketch any drums yesterday?" said he.

"No," I replied; "we did n't have the right kind of bait, and so we fished for black-fish."

"You ought n't to start out without the right kind of bait. That's no way to fish."

"Well," I replied, "it was n't my affair. I did n't provide the bait, and I supposed everything was all right."

"Yes," he said, "that's often the way. It don't do to trust people much. Them fellers took clams. I heard about it. There's some people who think they know lots. I knowed a boy once who thought he was dreadful smart. I used to take him out sailing every morning. He was a kind of sick, and he took sails for his health. He knew something about sailing, and he used to like to hold the tiller, and sail the boat himself, as he called it. He gave lots of orders; but as I always took care to tell him what to order, it was all right. It would have done you good to hear that feller sing out 'Hard-a-lee!' as if there was a whole shipful o' sailors in my little boat. He used to sit there and tell me lots of things that he thought I ought to know. He would call out to me in a loud, clear voice, which was pleasant to listen to, though there was n't often any sense in what he said: 'Look here, captain! It's a good idea' to have your ballast well amidship, as you've got it. It don't do to have ballast too far for-rerd. A boat is n't safe if the ballast is n't fixed right.' And he'd say lots of things of that kind, jest as if he was tellin' me somethin' he'd found out, and that nobody else did n't know. I don't remember all he used to say, but the sum and substance of it was pretty much as if he'd hollered out, 'Look here, captain! You always ought to put the mast of a sail-boat at the bow. If you was to put it at the stern, you could n't steer her very well, with the main-sel a-sticking away out behind,—specially if she was cat-rigged and

had no jib.' Well, one morning, this boy took a friend out with him, to give him a sail. This other boy was n't sick. My boy sat at the stern, and was very proud to sail the boat. He took it into his head that the other boy was a little skeered, and he kept a-tryin' to keep his courage up. He would say: 'Now, you see, when a puff of wind comes, and tips her over, I just bring her 'round a little into the wind, and she comes up all right. There is n't any danger; if the man at the helm knows his business.' And then he'd keep sayin': 'Now, don't you feel a little more confidence?' And the other boy, who was a-sittin' quiet, lookin' as if he was enjoyin' the breeze, and the views, and the sailin', would say: 'Oh! I'm confident enough, I'm all right.' And my boy would say to him: 'I'm glad of that. I don't want you to be afraid. It's perfectly safe.' Well, one day I took that other boy out sailin' by himself, and I tell you, sir, I was surprised. Why, that boy knowed ten times as much about sailin' as my feller. He'd been on sail-boats at the North ever since he was a little chap, he said, and I found he knowed nearly enough to sail a boat by himself. And says I to him: 'What on earth did you let that other boy talk to you that way, as if you did n't know nothin', and you sittin' there quiet, and knowin' lots more about sailin' a boat than he did, all the time?' 'Well,' says he, 'he took me out, and he is n't well, and I saw it pleased him to talk that way, and I did n't care.' 'But don't you care what other people think of you?' says I. And then he said he did n't suppose it mattered much, so that you knew yourself what you knew. Now, I could never make up my mind which of them two boys was the biggest fool. It don't do to blow your own horn too much, and it don't do to blow it too little, nuther. A feller's got to show what he is, for other people aint agoin' to take the trouble to find it out, and it aint always that things is found out by chance, like as when you hook a fish by the tail, accidental. It's all nonsense to make too little of yourself; and then, ag'in, it's just as bad to make too much of yourself."

"That's very true," I said. "It's hard to draw the line at the right place."

"Harder than it is to ketch a drum," said the old fellow, rising to go.

I now made up my mind that I would go about this business of drum-fishing in a business-like way. I first made another attempt to get the old fisherman to go with me, but he declined the proposition. He had sold his sail-boat, and now made a regular business of fishing, going out part of every day in a "dug-out," a long, narrow boat, cut out of a cypress log. As he did not want more than two persons in his boat, and had to have a man to help

him row, he did not wish to take an amateur with him on his expeditions.

Failing in this, I got some friends to join me, and we engaged a man, who knew all about the habits and whereabouts of drums, to take us in a sail-boat to the proper place for fishing, and to fix a day when we would reach said place at the time when the tide was exactly right. He was also to provide proper tackle and the right kind of bait.

The day before we started, I was passing the fish-market, when my old friend called to me.

"Hello!" said he. "Given up drum-fishing?"

"Oh, no!" I said, and then I told him of the arrangements I had made.

"That's right," said he. "There's nuthin like doin' things the right way. I know'd a boy once who always did everything the right way, and your tellin' me what you're goin' to do made me think of him. He was a smart feller, and no mistake. He could swim, and row, and run, and sail a boat, and do everything else that ever I see him do, better than any other boy in these parts, and better, too, than most men. He staid down here pretty nigh all winter, two years ago. I had my sail-boat then, and one day I took him and his uncle out sailin'." The old gentleman and this boy was a-sittin' talkin' and payin' no attention to me as I was a-sailin' the boat, and directly I heard the old gentleman say somethin' that kinder surprised me. Says he, 'Yes, you're a-gittin' along first-rate, but there's one thing I wish you was.' 'What's that?' says the boy. 'I wish you was more of a gentleman.' Well, that jest made me prick up my ears, and as to the boy, he turned as red as a biled crab. I always thought he was gentleman-like enough, and I reckon he thought so himself. I don't remember what he said, but his uncle, he went on and says to him, 'What I mean is this: You kin do most things better than any of your friends, and I'm glad of that; but the trouble with you is, that you keep a-doin' them things all the time, and a-makin' the other boys feel how much smarter you are than them. You don't never let 'em forget it. I've been a-noticin' this for some time, and I wanted to speak to you about it. Now, a gentleman don't do that way. When it's necessary for him to do a thing first-rate he does it, but at the same time he don't try to make other people feel that they could n't have done it. Sometimes, when another feller can do somethin' well enough, though p'rhaps not as well as he could himself, he holds back, and gives the other feller a chance. But you never do that. You always step to the front whether there's any need of your doin' it or not, and that's where you miss bein' as much of a gentleman as I'd like you to be.' I don't remember what the boy said to all this, be-

cause it was n't worth remembering as much as what the old gentleman said, and I don't fill my basket with skip-jacks when I kin get better fish. But I agreed with the old uncle. And I've know'd a lot of boys, and men too, who might 'a' been a good sight better off if they had been there and heard that lectur'."

"That's very true," said I; "but, by the way, did you ever keep school?"

"No; what made you ask that?"

"You seem to have known so many boys."

"Well," said he, "I have known a good many of them, but I generally went to school to them. I've learned a lot of things from boys,—more than I have time to tell you now. And among the things I've learned is not to neglect my reg'lar business to go out with gentlemen who want to see if they can't try to ketch a drum."

The day for our expedition arrived, and we started out early. The sun was bright, the wind was fresh and invigorating, and we had a splendid time. We sailed about nine miles down the Matanzas River, anchoring several times at some excellent places for drum. We fished and sailed all day, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. I don't think I ever spent a more pleasant day on the water. But we did n't get so much as a bite.

There were plenty of smaller fish who, no doubt, would have been very willing indeed to bite, but we had our hearts fixed on nobler game, and we kept our big drum-hooks out all the time.

I asked the captain what was the matter this time. He could say nothing about the tide, nor the bait, nor the tackle, so he considered the matter a minute, and then remarked that the wind was too strong. You could n't catch drum in such a wind. We ought to have gone last Thursday. That was a beautiful day for drum.

But as it was of no use, at that time, to think of last Thursday, we set sail and went home. I hurried up to the house, for I did not care to meet any one on the way. But it was of no use. I had to pass the fish-market, and there he stood.

"Did you git wet?" he inquired, kindly.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not at all."

"It blowed so this afternoon that I thought you'd 'a' been pretty well splashed with the spray," he said, as I passed on. His silence in regard to the main subject was more cutting than anything he could have said. He evidently considered the drum question settled, so far as I was concerned.

I felt a good deal disheartened myself. I was not at all sure that it paid to go "a-drumming." However, in a day or two, I hired a row-boat and a long-legged negro boy, and, with four crabs and a drum-line that I borrowed, I set off down the river for an afternoon's fishing on my own account.

We anchored a mile or so below the town, and I prepared my tackle and went to fishing. The boy had a small line, with which he angled for whiting, bass, sharks, or anything that might come along.

As for me, I sat for an hour and only got one bite. That was not a very hard one. It was a long, easy pull at my line, and when I gave a jerk and hauled in a little I found I had hooked it into something at the bottom. I did not immediately pull on the line, for I did not wish to break my hook, but, in a minute, the line gave a tremendous pull on me. It jerked me forward, and rapidly slipped between my fingers.

Then I knew that I had a drum! For a minute he fairly ran away with the line. I could not stop him. The line was a long one, and he ran out nearly the whole of it. I tugged at him bravely, but it was like holding a runaway mule. I gave the line a turn around a row-lock, for it was cutting my fingers, and then he began to come toward me, and I had to haul in rapidly to keep the line from getting slack. As soon as it was tight again I hauled on it, and tried to draw him slowly in.

When my long-legged negro boy saw that I had hooked a drum he was wild with excitement. He left his line and came tumbling over the seats to me.

"Gim me hold, sir! Gim me hold! I'll haul him in!" he cried. But I would not trust my drum to him; I let him hold the line for a minute or two, while I blew on my sore fingers.

"Laws ee, boss!" he exclaimed. "He pull like a steamboat! He'll hab dis yer anchor up, yit."

I took the line again, and gradually drew my fish toward the boat. Once he came up to the top, and flashed his tail and back in the air. He was as big as a boy!

How the darkey shouted when he saw him, and how he nearly fell overboard as the fish made a dash toward the bow of the boat, right over his line, I can't stop to tell now. I made him pull in his line, and I still struggled with my prize.

Once the drum dashed around to the stern and fouled the line on the rudder. Then I thought I should lose him, but long-legs stumbled aft and got the line clear.

I played the fish for nearly a quarter of an hour, or it might be better to say, I worked at him, and it was no easy job. At last my drum began to tire, and I pulled him close to the boat. Now came a critical moment. It would not be easy to get him on board. Some fishermen have a "gaff," or strong iron hook on a short handle, which they

slip under the gills of a big fish like this, and so draw him in; but I had nothing of the kind.

So I pulled him close to the side of the boat, not caring now for my smarting fingers, and told the boy to come and get down in the bottom of the boat, in front of me. Then I drew the head of the fish out of water, he flapping and splashing like a good fellow, and telling the boy to slip his hand under the gills on his side, I took a hold on the other side. Our weight, all one side, careened the boat over, so that we did not have far to lift, and then, as I gave the word, we both pulled together, and the great drum slipped beautifully into the boat.

The boy sprang on him, heedless of his flaps and his fins, and took the hook out of his mouth, and there he lay in the bottom of the boat, a magnificent prize.

I had caught a drum!

We did not fish any more. We pulled up the anchor, and the long-legged boy rowed back to the town as if he were working for a wager.

When we reached the wharf and landed the fish, my boy got a wheelbarrow and took him over to a provision store near by and had him weighed. He weighed forty-three pounds and a half. He was not one of the very largest drums, but he was big enough for me.

As I walked behind the boy, while he wheeled the fish to the house where I lived, I looked about for my friend, the old fisherman. I was now very much afraid that I would not meet him. However, everybody in this old town is out-of-doors in the evening, and I soon saw him standing at a corner. When I reached him we stopped.

"Hello!" said he, looking at my fish. "You did ketch a drum, at last, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I certainly caught one."

"Well," he said, "I know'd you was n't one of the lucky kind."

"Not lucky!" I exclaimed. "Don't you call that a good drum?"

"Yes," he answered, "that 's a good enough fish, but you 're not lucky, for all that. If you 'd 'a' been lucky, you 'd 'a' caught him the first time, or the second, anyway. You had to work hard for your fish, and that ain't luck. But I don't know but what it's just as good in the long run. I knowed a boy once —"

"Excuse me," said I. "I must go home, now. It's getting late. Some other time I'll come and hear about your boy."

"All right," said he, "I'll have him ready."

JINGLES.

KITTENS.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call;
And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all!

A STIR AMONG THE DAISIES.

PRETTY Lill of Littleton sauntered through the grass;
The very birds and butterflies stopped to see her pass;
All the daisies nodded to the maiden coming by,
And leaned across the pathway left behind her.
"Art hurt?" they asked each other. Each gayly laughed, "Not I!
We bowed too low; but really we don't mind her.
To see so fair a maiden pass has really quite unstrung us;
But we'll straighten up, and ready be when next she comes among us."



OUR MASTER.
(Drawn by Addie Ledyard.)

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN ADVENTURE IN A STRANGE CITY.

FOR the first time in his life Jacob rode on a railroad train. The swift motion, the novel scenes, and the feeling that he was rapidly nearing the goal of his hopes, filled him with happiness. Then appeared the cloud of smoke hanging over the city, visible miles away; then the beautiful suburbs, shady and verdant slopes, villa-crowned heights; then the city itself, rising on its terraces above the river; the Kentucky shore opposite, the puffing steamboats between, plying up and down, and the marvelous suspension bridge a hundred feet above them, uniting State with State, hanging like some exquisite fairy-work from its tall towers, high in air, yet bearing vehicles and speeding trains upon its delicate, firm fabric.

This Jacob saw as he was wandering along Front street, bag in hand, looking for Uncle Higglestone's place of business. Another thing he noticed, which reminded him of Sam Longshore,—the row of stupendous posts along the top of the lofty, sloping river bank, or "levee,"—posts so huge and high, and oddly placed right in front of the row of warehouses, that he would never have guessed what they were there for if Sam had not told him. It was hard for him even then to believe that the river, flowing tranquilly at a level some fifty feet below, had ever swelled to such a height that steamboats had been made fast to those posts on the verge of the sweeping flood.

These and other interesting objects—the throngs of pedestrians, the drays and carts and wagons, the steamboats discharging or taking on freights, the floating wharves made to rise and fall with the stream, the smoke that filled the air from countless factories and kitchen fires burning bituminous coal—inspired the green country lad with wonder and exultation; and his enjoyment would have been complete, but for the certainty of night coming on, and the uncertainty of a welcome from his uncle.

He had not much trouble in finding the hardware store of Higglestone & West; and with an anxious and fearful heart he turned into the door.

With bag in hand, in his short vest and pepper-and-salt trousers, he looked like some rustic customer who had come for a rat-trap or a jack-knife. He approached a clerk, who leaned on the counter and waited to receive his order.

Jacob's heart was in his throat.

"What will you have?" asked the clerk.

"Mr. Higglestone," said Jacob.

"Mr. Higglestone?" the clerk repeated, with a smile. "I'm afraid you can't have him."

"Is n't he in?"

"He is not in. He has n't been here for a month. He is sick."

This was bad news. But Jacob grew calm and firm in face of it, and said: "Where can I find him?"

"At his house, I suppose;" and the clerk named street and number.

"Thank you, sir." And the black bag and pepper-and-salt trousers disappeared.

To find his uncle's house Jacob had to go up into the city. It was literally up, the town rising gradually for a mile back from the river to the base of still mightier hills beyond. He observed that the streets were regularly laid out—that those running parallel with the river, after Front, Second and Pearl, were numbered,—Fourth, Fifth, and so on,—while the cross-streets had names; so that finding his way was not difficult.

He had passed the pleasantest part of the town, leaving many fine residences and splendid retail stores behind him, and the sunset was fast deepening into twilight, when on the door of a gloomy-looking house he discovered his uncle's number and name, and rang the bell.

For a long while he got no response. He rang again, and was beginning to think the house was deserted, when an old negro woman, with a red handkerchief around her head, came shuffling to the door, and opened it carefully a little way.

"Mr. Higglestone is at home," she said, in answer to Jacob's question, "but he's sick, and he can't see nobody."

"May be he will see me. Will you tell him his nephew is here, and would like to speak with him?"

The old negress threw out her chin and showed all the front teeth she had with a grimace, which was by no means encouraging to Jacob, and probably was not meant to be. She went off, and once more he had a long while to wait, a prey to sickening thoughts. At length the loosely shod feet were heard shuffling along the stairs again, and the red-turbaned head and wrinkled, old, black face, re-appeared at the half-opened door.

"He says he haint got no nephew he wants to see, but if you likes, you can come ag'in in the

mo'nin'. Jes pos'ble you 'll have a chance to speak to him; but I aint sho."

"He wont see me now?"

"No; he wont see you to-night, nohow."

Jacob was staggered. After a pause, he said:

"What time shall I call?"

"I don't say you shall call at all," the old negress replied. "But if you chuse, you can come any time after nine o'clock."

The door was closed, and Jacob turned and walked down the steps.

He remembered that it was Saturday night; the next day was Sunday; what he was to do with himself meanwhile he had not the least idea.

He might have asked the old woman to let him come in and stop overnight; but there was that abiding self-respect in him which would not let him beg, even at his uncle's door.

If he had had a little more experience of life, he would probably have sought out the nearest cheap boarding-house and applied for lodgings, at the risk of being required to make payment in advance. Any grocer could probably have told him where such a house was to be found. But Jacob had no thought of asking for anything which he could not pay for on demand.

The close of the week was not a time to seek for work. The open fields, the stacks of hay or grain, where free lodgings might be had, were far away. Even if he had known that a bunk for the night could be obtained at the police stations by almost any vagabond, I do not suppose he would have been greatly cheered or comforted.

"If I could only find an empty cask to crawl into!" thought he, as he wandered aimlessly about; "or any old shed!"

But somehow casks and sheds were put to other uses, or looked too uninviting.

At last the thought occurred to him that there might be a chance for him to creep under the end of the suspension-bridge, and he started off in quest of it, though without much hope of securing the wished-for accommodations.

It was now evening, but the streets were lighted, and he was sauntering along, gazing into the brilliant shop-windows, like the verdant youth he was, when somebody coming up to him from behind touched him on the shoulder.

Turning quickly, he saw a young woman with a broad, bright, foreign-looking face, smiling at him.

She pointed back up the street, and said something in German, of which his ear caught only the words, "*Kommen sie.*"

"Come and see what?" said Jacob.

"Yes!" she replied, smiling again, but understanding him no better than he understood her.

She appeared to have been running after him,

for he noticed that she was out of breath. She had a clear, honest, pleasant face, and he could not suspect her of any guile. There seemed but one conclusion for him to come to concerning her: she must have mistaken him for some other person. He told her so.

"Yes," she said, nodding and laughing, still apparently not understanding a word. And again she pointed invitingly back the way he had come.

Jacob reflected: "I may as well go that way as any—I'll see what will come of it;" and making signs of assent he followed her.

She led him back a block or two, then into a cross-street of modest residences, at the door of one of which she stopped, and with another nod and smile beckoned him up the steps.

Still Jacob followed her, wondering more and more, and asking himself how the matter would end.

The door opened at her touch, and she led him into the charming entry of an elegant house, where the gas was burning with a soft and agreeable light.

Now, when I use the words charming and elegant, I am describing things as they looked to Jacob. If he had ever been in one of the really superb residences of which the city can boast, this into which he was now ushered by his mysterious guide would no doubt have appeared to him but the neat and tasteful abode it was.

But to his inexperienced eye the soft carpets, the darkly rich wall-paper, the winding staircase, the furniture and pictures of a room into which an open door gave him a glimpse, the harmonious, subdued tone of everything,—all this, compared with the interior of the finest house he had ever seen, appeared luxurious and magnificent.

The woman motioned him to hang his hat on the carved black-walnut hat-tree, and he wonderingly obeyed.

"Please tell me what all this means!" he asked, in a sort of perplexed and troubled delight.

"Yes!" she replied, with the same air of comprehending not a word; and, still nodding and laughing, beckoned him to follow her up the stairs. Jacob suddenly remembered stories he had heard of travelers being enticed into mysterious houses and robbed. An alarming suspicion flitted across his mind, but he reflected that a poor country lad like him was n't worth robbing. He hardly hesitated a moment. Firmly resolved to see the end of the curious adventure, he followed the woman up the stairs.

She showed him into a pretty little chamber,—which appeared ample and magnificent enough to him as she turned up the gas,—and gave him a sign that he was to make himself at home there.

As he stood staring about him in astonishment, she quietly took his bag from his hand and set it

on the floor beside the bureau. Then she showed him the marble-topped wash-stand, and turned on the water for him. Then pointing the forefinger of her right hand at her open mouth, she raised her eyebrows interrogatively, nodded and laughed again, and said: "Yes?"

Jacob understood her to ask if he would like something to eat. He smiled and nodded in reply, and she hastened from the room.

After he had washed and brushed off the dust of travel and the soot of the city smoke,—which, falling like a fine black snow, adheres to skin and clothing,—combed his hair and arranged his soiled collar and cravat, she came again, once more made the sign of eating, and pointing the way downstairs, repeated, "Yes?"

Accompanying her again, he was ushered into a neat little supper-room—large and gorgeous to him—and motioned to take his seat at the table, where what seemed a beautiful banquet awaited him. She poured a cup of rich chocolate for him, and with the usual nod and smile indicated that he was to help himself to everything he saw.

"This is for all the world like the Arabian Nights!" he said to himself; and like the hero of one of those wonderful tales, he felt like pinching himself to see if he were really awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NOT FAIRY-LAND EXACTLY.

AFTER he had partaken of the banquet,—which, to be quite frank about it, consisted mainly of cold tongue, bread and butter,—Jacob was invited by signs and smiles to enter the room of which he had had glimpses in passing through the hall. Left alone there, he gazed about him, seeking some clew to this pleasant but most perplexing riddle.

As if moved by a sort of inspiration, he took up a photograph album from one of the tables. Almost the first picture he turned to gave him a start of astonishment, and called up a rush of memories both pleasant and painful. He doubted, held the book nearer his eyes and the light, and was bending over it, still wondering, when the original of the picture entered the room, and came up behind him with a quick step and light laugh.

"How do you do, Jacob, my boy?" she said with the same delightfully arch and gay expression which he remembered so well.

The name was trembling on his lips as he looked at the picture. Now he uttered it aloud.

"Florie! Florence Fairlake!"

And hurriedly putting down the book, he took the hand which she so frankly held out to him.

Mrs. Fairlake came into the room immediately after her daughter, and gave him a no less cordial

welcome. They made him sit down, and seated themselves near him, regarding him with interest and curiosity, and embarrassing him with questions.

Where had he come from? where had he been since that dreadful night when the steamboat left him on the lonely shore of the Ohio? and where was he going when the German servant overtook him and brought him to the house?

Jacob was still too much astonished to answer these questions very coherently. He managed, however, to let them know that he had seen hard times, and passed through some pretty severe trials.

"But how does it happen that I am here?" he asked, turning from one to the other with blushes of surprise and pleasure. "I was feeling so homeless and lonesome, and then, all at once, I was in fairy-land! I can't understand it; and it seems too good now to be true!"

"I don't think there is much illusion about it; you are in anything but fairy-land!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with her peculiar drawl. "My husband is a teacher in one of the high-schools, he gets a modest living by instructing classes in algebra and Latin, and this is his humble home. A poor schoolmaster's family,—there can be nothing more prosaic than that, I am sure! But I don't wonder you were surprised at the way in which you were brought here. Florie will have to answer for that. She never does anything like any other girl, you know."

"It's all my fault, of course," laughed Florie; "one of my funny freaks, as mamma says. I thought I was managing with a great deal of—what's the big word?—sagacity, till she told me I showed an utter lack of common sense. That's no new thing for me, you remember. My sense is uncommon. You'll say so when I tell you just how it was."

"I'm sure I shall," said Jacob.

"I discovered you," she said. "I was just going out of our street when I spied you loitering along with your bag, looking into all the shop-windows, and staring at everything but me."

"Why did n't you speak to me?"

"That's what mamma says is so strange. You were a little way off, and as you did n't recognize me,—though I thought you looked right at me once,—I was afraid you might be some other foolish boy."

"Florie, be still!" remonstrated her mother.

"I remember her way of making fun and speaking truth, and I don't mind it," said Jacob, blushing and laughing. "I am certainly one foolish boy, whether there's another in the world or not."

"I don't believe there are many foolish in just your way," said Florie. "If you had n't been foolish,—in your way,—you would have let me

drown, instead of risking your life to get me out of the water. How near we came to going down together! Do you ever think of it?"

Jacob confessed that he had thought of it once or twice.

"But," said he, "if it had n't been for some of my foolishness, you would n't have been in the water at all. 'T was I that rowed the boat on the cable. *That* has been my trouble."

you did n't look as if you had any place to go to, and mamma would want to see you. Then I remembered that mamma was n't at home. I don't believe I was so silly as to think about any impropriety in my snatching up a young gentleman in the street and carrying him home with me when she was away; but, really, I can't tell now what I did think, except that it seemed to me I must go at once and fetch her, and send Else to overtake



JACOB MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

"Nobody ever thought of blaming you except your own foolish self," said Florie. "But was n't it a wet time! And poor Mr. Pinkey!"

"I'll tell you something about him after you've finished your story," said Jacob.

"Oh yes! Well, I suppose I was a good deal excited when I saw you this evening. You turned your face to look into the next shop-window, and then I knew you for certain. I was going to run right up to speak to you, but—mamma says I never reflect, but I did reflect then—I thought if I spoke to you I must take you home with me, for

you and bring you here to meet us. So I ran back to the house—it was only a few doors around the corner—gave her my orders, and then went to find mamma. We had only just returned, when I came in and found you looking at my picture."

"I don't see but that you acted with a good deal of what you call sagacity after all," said Jacob. "But it was the funniest thing!—your German woman and I could n't understand each other except by signs, and I was completely puzzled. You should have seen us nod and gesture and grin!"

"What did you think?" cried Florie, with one of her merry peals of laughter.

"Think?" replied Jacob. "I did n't know but she was leading me into some trap, where ruffians would suddenly rush upon me and cut me up into mince-meat! Though, when I looked at her honest face, I could n't believe that."

"To keep Florie in practice with her German, we have a German servant," said Mrs. Fairlake. "We are so accustomed to speaking with Else in her own language, that we sometimes forget that other people may not understand her."

"Yes," said Florie; "and I never thought about the funny predicament you would be in till mamma mentioned it. The idea of your not knowing who had sent for you, or where you were, until you saw my picture in the album! It is so droll!"

When the mystery had been thus explained, Jacob told of his recent meeting with Mr. Pinkey in jail, and related other adventures he had had, all of which amused and interested Florie and her mother exceedingly.

"Delightful Mr. Pinkey!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with quiet irony in her pleasant drawl; "I am rejoiced to know that those darling ringlets did n't perish in a watery grave; it would have been quite too bad after all the pains he had taken with them. It is sad enough to think of him wasting his sweetness on the desert air of a jail. But don't you regard it as a mercy, Jacob, that you are separated from him? You might have gone to cultivating ringlets if you had remained subject to his charms, and they never would have become you as they do Mr. Pinkey."

"Oh, Mrs. Fairlake," said Jacob, understanding the deeper meaning of her words, "I am so glad that I got free from his influence as soon as I did. I know now how bad it was for me. How many times I have thought of what you and Florie said of him, when I would n't believe you—when I was almost angry because you did n't admire him! Now I know how true was every word that you said."

While they were talking, Mr. Fairlake came in.

"Some people call him professor," his wife remarked, introducing him to Jacob. "But since the title has been adopted and adorned by such men as our accomplished friend Mr. Pinkey, we feel that he is altogether unworthy to bear it."

Mr. Fairlake greeted their guest very heartily, and took no pains to conceal the fact that he had heard a good deal about him from his wife and daughter.

He was interested to hear an account of the capsizing of the boat and of Florie's rescue from Jacob's own lips, which the boy gave with such true feeling, relieved by touches of humor, and with such genuine modesty, that they were moved and entertained by the story, and charmed with the story-teller.

Then Mr. Fairlake wished to know more of Jacob's history, and led him on to the very important consideration of his immediate future.

"I find I have come on a sort of tom-fool's errand," said Jacob; "and I've made up my mind that, whatever happens, I'll never again hunt up a relative for any good he may do me. But now I'm here I mean to find something to do, to earn my



JACOB CALLS ON UNCLE HIGGLESTONE.

living, if I can. I don't care much what I begin with; almost any kind of honest work will do."

"I like that," said Mr. Fairlake. "We will look about next week, and see what can be done for you. Meanwhile, you are welcome to a home with us. But you had better go and see your uncle, and ask his advice, if nothing else. He is well known as a successful man of business, and a person of fitful benevolence, though of an uncertain temper. While he will refuse a beggar a crust, and perhaps complain of his own poverty, he will draw his check the same day for some charitable purpose, or public object, which he takes a notion to aid. You'd better visit him,—treat him with the respect due from a young nephew to an old uncle, but keep your independence."

So they talked until bed-time, when Jacob took leave of these new and delightful friends, and retired to his chamber. He was for a long time too excited and happy to sleep. But by degrees his brain grew quiet, and, from dwelling upon his wonderful fortunes, as he lay awake, he lived them over again all night in pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JACOB VISITS HIS UNCLE.

NEXT morning, Jacob once more mounted the steps of his uncle's house, and gave the bell-handle a pull,—not timidly and anxiously, as on the evening before, but with a confident and cheerful heart.

Mrs. Fairlake had managed to fit him out with some clean linen. He carried no bag. His countenance showed modest independence. His attitude was erect. Thanks to his friends, the Fairlakes, he had not come to ask favors of Uncle Higglestone; and he was prepared for the worst reception.

The old negress with the shuffling shoes and red-turbaned head once more opened the door a little way, and then a few inches farther, on seeing who the comer was.

"You can jes step into de pahlah an' wait," said she. "He 'll see ye right sune, I reckon."

She left him in a small, plainly furnished room, the very atmosphere of which made Jacob feel homesick and wish himself away. Truly no beautiful and loving souls inhabited there; no gracious presence made those bare walls a home. Soon the old woman re-appeared.

"You can go up," she said to Jacob. "It 's de front room; walk right in." And Jacob went up.

In the front room he found a worn and faded carpet, a tumbled bed, a mantel-piece crowded with medicine-vials, a table on which were the remains of a solitary breakfast, two or three cane-seated chairs, and one large arm-chair, in which a sharp-featured old man sat propped with pillows. From the sharp features shot sharp glances out of a pair of sunken gray eyes, then came a sharp voice:

"My nephew, are you?"

"I believe so; that is what Aunt Myra said."

"You're the boy she brought up, hey? And now she's dead, you come to me! Did n't she leave you anything? Could n't you manage to live where you were?"

"I could have managed to live there, I suppose."

"Then why did n't you? What are you here for? It's all I can do to take care of myself. Boys are such fools! There's a vast deal more room in the country than there is in the city; but they must crowd to the city, crowd to the city, where there's nothing under the sun for 'em to do."

Though burning with indignation, Jacob curbed

it, and answered calmly: "I've heard that you were once a poor boy in the country, and that you went to the city to find something to do, and found it."

"That 's different!" snarled the sick man.

"Yes," said Jacob. "You were more fortunate than I; you had no uncle there to discourage you!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that if you,—when you were a poor boy trying to get a living,—if you met a relative who shut you out of his house one night and talked to you the next morning as you have been talking to me, why, I pity you, that 's all."

This cutting speech told on Uncle Higglestone, and he began to look closely and without prejudice at the fine, firm, manly lad before him.

"What would you have me do?" he demanded.

"Give me a kind word and a little advice," replied Jacob. "That 's all I have come to you for."

"Have n't you come to me for a home and to get my money?"

"I don't want a cent of your money, sir; and I have a home which suits me very well for the present." And Jacob was turning to go.

"Come here!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Higglestone. "Let me look at you!"

With a sarcastic smile, Jacob stepped up to the chair and stood in the full light of the window.

"Nephew or not," said Uncle Higglestone, with a changed look and tone, "I've seen you before."

"I know that," replied Jacob. "I knew it the minute I came into the room."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"I did n't think it was necessary; I've no claims to make on account of old acquaintance."

The boy spoke proudly and bitterly.

"No; you're a chip of the old block,"—and the sick man's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "I like your spirit. I was just like you, at your age."

Jacob could not help thinking, "I hope I shall not be just like you when I am a man of your age,"—but he held his peace.

"You went off that night before I had a chance even to thank you," the old man continued. "I liked that in you, too. I'd have done just so when I was a boy. I asked no odds of anybody. But I wished I had seen you. I wanted you to travel with me. With your care and attention, I might be a comparatively well man now. As it is, I came home sick, and I've been sick ever since."

Jacob remembered how glad he would have been to travel with this man and take care of him, thereby gaining an honest livelihood; but now the very thought of such slavery made his heart sick.

"Call my old woman; she 'll give you a room,"

Uncle Higglestone continued, keeping his keen eyes on Jacob with the greatest interest. "You shall live with me, and work right into my busi-

ness; I want just such a lad as you to take my place. Where's the bag you had last night? My old woman said you brought one."

Jacob hesitated before deciding what to say, and then answered:

"I had my bag—when I called here; but I have left it at Mr. Fairlake's house, where I am stopping."

"Fairlake! I know him; a very fine man. I'm glad you've got such a friend. But you must n't stop there, nor anywhere else except in your old uncle's house,"—and Uncle Higglestone ended with a softened gleam in his eyes and a tremor in his voice.

"I thought my old uncle did n't want me," replied Jacob.

"Ah, that was before I knew!"

"But I am the same nephew now I was ten minutes ago. I told you then I had n't come to stop with you."

"That's like me, too," said the old man. "Proud and resentful,—and I can't blame you. But I carried my pride and resentment too far. I know it now. I was too independent. Be careful, nephew, and don't be too much like me in that respect, or you may find your surly spirit leading you—as it has led me—to a lonely old age. Don't say yet that you won't take up with my offer; for if you say it, I know you'll stick to it—that was my way. Think of it, will you?"

"I'll think of it, and consult my friends," Jacob promised; although the prospect of making his home in that house became, the more he considered it, the more intolerable to him.

The old man then had questions to ask about his late sister, of whom he was inclined to speak harshly, on account of their quarrel twenty years

before. But Jacob stood up for her stoutly, and said all the good he could of her.

"She used to abuse me to you, did n't she?" said Uncle Higglestone.

"I hardly know what you would call it," replied Jacob, with a smile; "but she used to talk about you very much as you do about her."

"And you believed her?"

"It is n't very strange if I did; I did n't know you then!"

"And what do you think now?"

"I think she and you were a good deal alike in some things; perhaps that is the reason you could n't agree any better."

Jacob expected nothing else than that this frankness would raise his uncle's anger; but the old man evidently liked him all the better for it.

Then the conversation turned upon his journey. Jacob concealed nothing. The invalid listened eagerly, and rubbed his thin hands and chuckled with delight over the amusing parts of his nephew's adventures. He was particularly pleased when told of the meeting with Alphonse in jail.

"A slippery fellow—I know him! He once came to me for a subscription to some swindling scheme of his. An introduction from him would n't have gained you much credit with me! I hope he'll get punished to the extent of the law."

"I don't," said Jacob. "For I don't think he means to be a scamp."

"Nobody ever does," said the old man. "Rogues are the best-meaning people in the world. They'd have everything their own way, if they could, without hurting anybody, but they can't, so they are—just rogues, and society must look out for 'em. But stand up for your friends; I like it!"

And Uncle Higglestone rubbed his hands again.

(To be continued.)

PETER'S RABBIT-HUNT.

BY PAUL FORT.

PETER KOORIKOF was a funny old fellow who lived in a village in Russia. He did not know very much about anything but his business, which was that of a farm-hand, and the people in the village said he did not know much about that.

But Peter had an idea that he was not only the best farmer in the part of the country where he lived, but that he understood a great many things

about fishing, hunting, gardening and other matters, which were entirely above the comprehension of ordinary people.

The villagers, and the men and women on the farm where Peter worked, were kind to him because he was a good-natured, obliging fellow, always willing to do a good turn for a friend, but they could not help laughing at him when they saw

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what a curious way he had, sometimes, of doing a good turn.

But Peter knew what he was about, he said, and perhaps, some day, the people in the village would see that he was not the man they took him for.

deep on the lower floors, so that the people had to live altogether in the little rooms in the upper part of their houses.

The farm-house fared better, for it stood on high ground, some distance from the river; but the



PETER DRAWS IN THE FLOATING LOG.

One summer there was a long series of heavy rains, and the river which ran by the village where Peter lived was greatly swollen. So much so, indeed, that the water ran up into the fields, and even into the woods that lay a little back from the river. All the houses in the village which were near the river-bank were entirely surrounded by water, which in some cases was two or three feet

water came up very close to it, where it had never been before, and the whole country presented a very curious appearance, with the river spreading itself out so far and wide, and flowing swiftly on, over fields and roads and

fences, and even in and out among the trees of the forest.

After the rains had ceased, the freshet still continued, for all the little streams, swelled up above their banks, and loaded with the waters from the hills, came pouring into the river.

But everybody knew that the waters would fall "before many days, and so they tried to get along as well as they could meantime.

One day—it was one of the first days after the rains—Peter came rushing into the farm-house, where most of the people were just about to sit down to their dinner, and cried out:

"I say! Look here! Who's got a boat-hook?"

"A what?" said one of the men.

"A boat-hook," replied Peter. "Come, don't keep me. I'm in a hurry. I have something to do while you are eating your dinner. I saw a boat-hook here yesterday; where is it now?"

"What are you going to do, Peter?" asked a woman.

"Now, look here, good folks!" said Peter. "There is a time for all things,—a time for joking, and a time not to joke. I am going rabbit-hunting in a hurry, and I want a boat-hook."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed half-a-dozen people. "That's good! Hunting rabbits with a boat-hook! Ha! ha! Are you going to hook them by the ears?"

"That's my affair," said Peter, "I'll attend to my business. Now, will anybody tell me where I shall find a boat-hook?"

"Oh! don't make such a disturbance, Peter," said one of the older men. "I expect the boat-hook is down in the boat. Go down and look for it."

"I never thought of that," said Peter, and away he went.

The farm-hands had another good laugh at him, as he hurried away, and then they went in to their dinner.

Peter had a grand scheme on hand. As he happened to be down by the river near the woods, that morning, he saw a sight which puzzled him a great deal. On logs and branches of trees which were floating down with the current, he saw a great many rabbits, who seemed to be going off together on a grand boating excursion.

"Hello!" said he to himself. "What can those rabbits be about?"

When he had considered the matter a short time, however, he saw through the mystery. The water, in spreading through the woods, had flooded these rabbits out of their homes, and had cut off their retreat to dry land. So there had been nothing left for them to do but to get on such pieces of wood as they might be able to reach, and float along with the stream.

"They're in a bad way," thought Peter, "for they don't like water, and they'll stick on those logs till they starve to death rather than try to swim ashore. And it's a dreadful pity to see so many fine rabbits wasted."

But just then the idea came into his head that perhaps they need not be wasted. Suppose he were to get a boat and go out and catch them all! They could not get away from him. Splendid! He would do it. With a boat-hook he could draw the logs and branches up to his boat, and pick up every one of the long-eared little chaps. Even if they jumped into the water they could not get away from him, for he could row faster than they could swim. These rabbits were now some distance above the farm-house. If he ran and got a boat and oars, and particularly a boat-hook, he could row out and head them off before they got very far down the river.

So away he went, as we have seen, to the farm-house.

When he reached the boat, which was tied to a tree near the end of the high point on which the farm-house stood, he found the boat-hook and the oars in it, for some of the men had been out during the morning, picking up drift-wood. Looking out over the river, he saw that the floating rabbits had passed the farm-house, and, losing no time in pushing off, he rowed vigorously after them.

In about ten minutes he was among them, and, laying down his oars, he took up his boat-hook and began to pull in the branches with their odd little passengers. To Peter's surprise the rabbits did not attempt to jump into the water. Some of them ran from one end of a log to the other, when he attempted to put his hands on them, but many of them crouched down and allowed him to take them up, and some even jumped into the boat of their own accord.

They seemed to know that anything in the way of a big affair like a boat would be better than the insecure branches on which they were perched. So Peter had very little trouble in catching every rabbit that he could see on the river, for they were all quite near together, and he did not have to row about very much after he had reached the first of them.

When they were all in the boat he sat down and took up the oars, while the rabbits huddled themselves up together in the stern. They kept very quiet, and had a half-frightened appearance, as if they were not quite certain that they were free from danger, although they were very glad indeed to get off those floating logs and branches.

As Peter rowed toward the farm-house he could not help feeling very much pleased.

"What a splendid lot of rabbits!" he said to himself. "I don't believe anybody ever caught so many fine rabbits at once, all alive. Nobody in this country, I am certain, nor in any part of the world, so far as I have heard. I wonder what the farm folks will have to say now. The laugh will be the other way. I knew I should some day show them that I was not the man they took me for."

As he approached the shore he saw a number of the farm people, who, having finished their dinner, had come down to the river to see what Peter was going to do with his boat-hook.

They were astounded when they saw him and his boat-load of rabbits, and shouted to him, asking how he had caught them. Peter rested on his oars a short distance from shore and explained the whole affair. He was delighted to have such an opportunity of making a speech about himself.

"What are you going to do with them all, Peter?" called out one of the women. "You will give us each one or two, won't you?"

"No, indeed," said Peter. "I can't afford to give my rabbits away. I am going to be a rabbit-merchant. I intend to build a pen, and keep them there until they are right fat. And then they will be worth a good deal of money. But if any of you would like to buy a few rabbits now, I will sell them to you."

"All right," said one of the people. "Let us get a better look at them, and perhaps some of us may buy a few, and take care of them ourselves."

So Peter turned his boat around and rowed to the shore.

"Stop, Peter!" cried several of the men. "Don't come too close!" But Peter did not hear this warn-

ing in time. In a moment the bow of his boat struck the shore a short distance below where the farm-people were standing.

And then a strange thing happened. The rabbits had been huddled up very quietly in the stern of the boat, not appearing to be disturbed in the least by the loud talking, or by the noise and motion of the oars, so that Peter was delighted to see how tame and easily managed they were.

But the instant the boat touched the land a change came over them. They twitched their ears, sprang to their feet, and then, with one accord, they made a wild rush for the shore!

Over the seats and over the oars, over Peter's feet and legs, and over the sides and bow of the boat, they went. Peter had the oars in his hands, but dropping them as soon as his surprise would let him, he grabbed at the flying legs and tails, but never a one he caught.

In a minute every rabbit had gone! The people on shore hurried toward the boat, but they were up on a high bank, and before they could get down the rabbits were out of their reach, and all rushing at the top of their speed for a patch of woods and thicket near by.

Then the people laughed and shouted at Peter more than they had ever done before.

But Peter did not say a word. He just stood and looked after the rabbits, until the last of their little tails had disappeared in the thicket, and then he tied the boat to a tree and walked away, paying no attention to the remarks and laughter of the people. When he reached the farm-house he stopped a moment at the door, and said to himself: "Peter, you are not the man I took you for."

SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.

(A Letter from the Little Schoolma'am.)

WELL, my boys and girls, Summer is making ready to go, and soon Autumn's ruddy brown face will come peeping at us through the boughs; so it seems quite time that we had our talk about school-luncheons. Are you sorry to have the autumn come? I hope not. I am glad, though she *does* bring slates and lesson-books under her arm. Holidays are nice, and fun and frolic very nice; but when holiday has lasted long enough, and we have rested and played to our heart's content, then study and work in their turn become delightful, and we ask nothing better than to take them up again.

That is the way I feel; and if every little schoolma'am in the land can say the same, I am pretty sure that all the scholars will welcome the new term with bright faces and ready minds.

First, I must thank you for your letters. I can't begin to count how many there were of them. They came from east and west, and north and south, pile after pile and day after day, till the postman was at his wit's end, and felt that, if this sort of thing was going on, he must be furnished with a wheelbarrow instead of a bag. I imagine that when he went home at night he told his children

about them, and said he should really like to know what had set all the world writing to ST. NICHOLAS at one and the same time. We, who are in the secret, know that there was nothing wonderful about the matter, and that, so far as letters were concerned, the more the merrier. Now, thanks to you, there is one little schoolma'am who feels as if she had gone to school and dined out of a basket in every corner of the Union. Very good dinners many of them were, too, substantial and wholesome and well chosen. One thing, however, I was sorry for—which is, that almost all of you say that you like pies, and only about half of you mention liking meat.

Pies are popular, I know; but they form a bad diet for children to study on, especially mince-pies, which I notice almost all of you select as your favorite. The lard and butter and heavy sweetness of them have the inevitable effect to make little brains sluggish and dull. Sums wont add up and States wont "bound;" heads ache and eyes droop, and that "horrid" geography gets the blame, or the "old arithmetic," instead of the real culprit, pie! Do notice how you feel after eating pie, and I think you will agree with me about this.

I wish, too, that more of you fancied brown bread—Graham or rye. It is very sound and wholesome, and has a great deal more nourishment in it than white bread, and this is an important point for you who have to grow as well as to live. On the other hand, I am glad to see that almost all of you enjoy fresh fruit. That is nature's own food, and if ripe and perfect, it is good for every one.

Now for the letters. I can't print them all, you know, for if I did, ST. NICHOLAS would be letters and nothing else for a year to come. But here are a few:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: You ask me to tell you what we carry to school for lunch.

I generally take a slice of brown or white bread and butter and a slice of very plain cake. In fruit season I take apples, pears and peaches, and very rarely, a hard-boiled egg.

I often wish for the nice things the other girls have, such as cream-cakes, fruit-cake, cocoa-nut balls and candy. I suppose mother knows best, but they are nice.—Truly yours,

STELLA F. PARODIE.

Stella is a wise little girl with her "suppose," and I am quite sure that mother does "know best." I wish though that she could insert a little slice of meat between the slices of bread. A day of study requires more substantial food than bread and butter and cake, and Stella would be stronger at the year's end for having it.

Brooklyn.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am very much interested in the subject of school-luncheons. I am ten years old and live in Brooklyn, but not in walking distance from my school, so I am obliged to carry my lunch every day. I generally take cold meat sandwiches, or a hard-boiled egg, a piece of cake, and an orange or a nice juicy apple. But my favorite lunch is potted tongue sandwich, an orange, and a piece of mince-pie. Mamma does not approve of mince-pie, so I do not have it often. A little girl that goes to my school once had for her

lunch an orange, a lemon, a cream-puff, and a great big green pickle,—one of the largest I ever saw. The girl has gone to California now for her health.

I wish I knew of something else that was nice to take for lunch. I get so tired of the same things. I hope the Little Schoolma'am will get a great many letters and some new ideas about goodies for lunch. A baked custard is very nice, especially if it is baked in a pretty cup. It is the happiest day of the month when papa brings home my St. NICHOLAS, and I am one of its devoted readers.

MADGIE S. CLARK.

I have emphasized a line in Madgie's letter, because it suggests an idea which mammas don't always think of, and that is, the importance of making a child's school-dinner look attractive. There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at bottom of the pan! Such a luncheon often will prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin-pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted, not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them. We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means bake the custard in a "pretty cup," and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school-day.

Here are three letters with a recipe in each. But we will give Madgie others farther on.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take some bread and butter and meat for my lunch, with an apple; but I get tired of that, and mamma wont let me take any cake at all, and that is what I should like best. When I take cold mutton, I generally chop it fine and put pepper and salt on it, and then put it on my bread. It is very nice that way.—Yours lovingly,

SUSIE.

El Paso, Sedgwick County, Kansas.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you wish all the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS to write what they take to school for their luncheon, I will write what I take for mine. It is simple bread and butter, a piece of cheese, an apple, and occasionally a slice of bread-cake, which mother makes in this way:

A coffee-cup of light sponge as it is prepared for bread, a tea-cup of sugar, a cup of sour milk, half a cup butter, half a cup English currants, three cups flour, a tea-spoonful of soda; flavor with cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, if preferred. Bake in a slow oven about an hour.—From your little friend,

EVA W. PRESTON.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a big chicken to write to you about school-luncheons. In fact I am the mother of two little chicks of my own, too small to write or to go to school. If my children went to school, I would have them come home to dinner, if possible. If not, I would give them plain bread and butter, or broiled beef sandwiches, with a moderately boiled egg or two apiece, any fruit in season, Graham bread or Graham gems. If pie was to be taken, I would

never let them have a piece of mince, or one where lard or butter is used in the crust. A good, cheap, digestible pie-crust can be made with mealy mashed potatoes, flour and cream, and a pinch of salt. No child will refuse to eat such a crust. A BIG CHICKEN.

Here is a sensible suggestion from that Friendly city in which all of us who went to the Centennial Exhibition learned to take an interest. Try it, boys and girls, and see how it works.

Philadelphia.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I usually take for lunch apples, bread and butter, biscuits or oranges, and "other fruits in season." Sometimes, but not often, cake. Candy, never. Papa does not allow us to buy candy. I do not expect to see my letter in print, but please tell the girls and boys that experience has taught me that it is not at all dreadful to go without candy, and you relish my meals so much better. I wish some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would try going without candy a few weeks, and see if they do not feel better. —Yours truly,
M. A. LIPPINCOTT.

The next two letters show that sometimes children do follow sensible suggestions, which is pleasant hearing for a little schoolma'am.

Newark, N. J.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you told me that mince-pie was not good for school girls and boys to take to school for lunch, I thought I would write and tell you how much I appreciate your advice. For the last three weeks I had been taking mince-pie to school almost every day, and I couldn't think why there were so many blotches on my face, but now I know, and I thank you very much for your advice.

I stopped taking it a few days ago. Yesterday I took some Graham bread and butter, some cold mutton and a banana.

I suppose you would say bananas are almost as bad as mince-pie, but I don't take them very often.—Your friend,
MINNIE F. BYINGTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I would like to tell you what I take to school for my lunch.

I almost always take some bread and butter (or biscuit), some cold meat or dried beef, a small piece of mince-pie, a piece of plain cake, and once in a great while one small pickle.

Once when there was n't anything in the house but bread and butter, I persuaded mamma to let me get a couple of macaroons and a cream-puff, but I shall not do it again, for that day I had a dreadful headache.—I remain your faithful reader,
LAURA LYON.

I think you will all laugh over this tragical history of a pickle:

Brookline, Mass.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take for luncheon some crackers, or some gingerbread and cheese, with a little cake sometimes; but once I took some molasses candy which we had had a good time pulling the night before.

One time a girl took some pickles to school for luncheon in a little tin pail, and the teacher made her put it away in a closet, and it is there now, I guess!—Your loving,
M. C. CHESTER.

What do you think of *this* luncheon?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I eat taffy, apples, oranges, caramels, peanuts.—Your little friend,
PERRY.

Or this?

Toledo.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I saw your article entitled "School-Luncheons" in *darling* ST. NICHOLAS, and as you asked the boys and girls to answer and tell what they oftenest take to school for their luncheons, I thought I would tell you what I take. I take Graham bread and butter, and sometimes white bread and butter, but I like Graham the best. I take a good many different kinds of sauce, jam, jelly, apple-butter; beefsteak, roast-beef, pickled pig's feet, and dried beef. I sometimes take apple and sometimes mince pie, cookies, gingerbread and snaps, jelly-cake, fruit-cake, and pound-cake. As to fruit, I take oranges, apples, peaches, pears, grapes and strawberries, according to the season.

I am twelve years old and attend the Orange District School. Mr. Crane is our teacher, and he is a splendid one.—Yours,
NETTIE GRAY W.—

Or this?

New Hampton.
LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa takes the ST. NICHOLAS for me, and we all like it very much.

I saw a piece in it this month about luncheons at school, and so I will tell you what I generally take. I take cake,—chocolate is my favorite kind,—canned fruit, apples, and very often oranges. My mamma often scolds me for not taking bread and butter, but I must say I can't eat it at school. If you know of anything better, please let me know.—From your little friend,
CLARA M. ARNOLD.

Perhaps some of you will be puzzled to understand why such luncheons as these last three are improper or insufficient, and I must not feel surprised if you are so. Many grown people go through their lives in complete ignorance of the qualities and objects of food, and of its effect on the growth and health of the human body. They fancy if things have an agreeable taste, that is enough; but a pleasant taste, though desirable, is not enough; for so soon as food has made its way down the throat, its flavor becomes a matter of little consequence. A host of tiny forces wait at the bottom of the passage down which luncheons and dinners go, whose office is to receive what we eat, work it over, distribute and make it of use to our bodies. There they stand at the foot of the long staircase,—these small servants,—and when a mouthful of bread or of beef descends, they pounce upon it, divide it, and carry it off to where it is needed. Some of it goes to the bones, some to the brain or to the nerves. This is turned to muscle,—that to fat; the little servants understand their work, and so long as we treat them well, there is no danger that they will waste or misapply anything intrusted to them.

But how few of us always treat them well! We grow careless or hurried, and forget all about the good little servants. We pay no attention to their calls, let them stand waiting for the food till they are faint and discouraged, and then of a sudden we fling a heavy meal down on their hands. Or we do just the other thing, and keep them busy all the time without any rest at all, till they are worn out. Then the little servants grow confused and angry, and run blindly about, putting things in wrong places; or they sulk, and refuse to work,—and *then* we don't feel well, and "can't imagine" what is the reason; or we fall ill, and have a bad time of it till they choose to make up the quarrel and forgive us.

I am afraid that girl did not "feel well," of whom "P. Marsh" writes, and whose luncheon consisted of six pickles, six pieces of bread and butter, and a bottle of strong tea! And what *do* you suppose these little servants thought of these other girls who take to school "cake, pie (usually mince), turnovers, tarts, plum-cake, cheese, sticky bits of half-done molasses candy, gum-drops, French chocolate, and hot, greasy dough-nuts?" Out of this list, only the cakes, pie, and cheese have *any* proper nourishment in them, you observe, and that of a rich, indigestible sort, which the

little servants will worry over and not know quite what to do with. The rest is sheer refuse; they will cast it aside contemptuously, and it will be in the way of their work just so long as it lies there. Or if, in despair, they try to use it, it is sure to do harm. Every part of the girl cries out at having such stuff administered to it. Her head aches, her eyes ache, her skin feels feverish, her whole system is loaded and oppressed. She goes home at night with the fatal basket empty in her hands, and feels that the day has been a bad one, and that life generally is hard. Her spirits are low,—spirits always are low after such a meal,—nobody seems kind,—nothing pleasant. Very likely she ends with a nightmare. And all this discomfort to pay for the brief pleasure of twenty minutes' gormandizing! Is it worth while? I don't believe any of you will say that it is.

There is another letter which I must quote, because it contains a suggestion:

New York.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Seeing in your last ST. NICHOLAS that you want all the boys and girls to tell you what they take for their lunch, I will tell you that I take *preserves*. Perhaps you will think that a very queer lunch, but the girls have what they call a "spread." Every one brings something. One will bring sandwiches, another cake, another fruit, and so on. Then we spread them all out on a table, and each one helps herself to whatever she likes. I always bring preserves, because mamma's preserves are very highly recommended by all the girls.

With much love to Jack and ST. NICHOLAS,—and please keep lots for yourself,—I am yours truly,

ROBERTA C. WHITMORE.

You see this is a sort of co-operative luncheon, and for some of you I should think it might prove a good idea. Suppose, for instance, that six girls agreed to arrange their lunch on this principle,—one carrying bread nicely sliced and buttered, one some cold chicken, one a few hard-boiled eggs, with a paper of salt, one a square of fresh gingerbread; another a jar of stewed fruit, with a spoon and some milk-biscuit, and the last a supply of apples or oranges. You see what a substantial and varied luncheon they would have, and yet each mamma would have less trouble than in providing a little of several things for her special child to carry. It might be worth while for some painstaking mothers to try this plan. And if any one makes the experiment, and finds it a good one, be sure to write a line to Jack and let us know.

Here is one more letter, and I think you will agree with me that it shows a sad state of affairs in a city which is so sensible in other matters that it ought to be wiser in this:

Philadelphia.

DEAR JACK: Will you tell the Schoolma'am that I am very glad she has taken up the subject of luncheons, and ask if she would write so plainly about them that teachers as well as scholars shall know what to do? The other day, I visited our new normal school at recess-time, when the children belonging to the "model classes" were taking their lunch. On one side of the lunch-hall was a long counter-table, and any one who chose could buy from it. What do you think was on the table? Cake! Cake in every form and of every flavor, and nothing but cake! Cake for one cent—two—three; crullers, dough-

nuts, ginger-cakes, seed-cakes, molasses-cake; but not a sandwich, or an egg, or a single cup of milk, or soup—only cake, and cake only! And this for the normal school of the second city in the Union!

THE FATHER OF TWO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

And now I am going to give a few recipes. They are no better than the things which many of you are in the habit of taking to school, but they will serve to make a variety upon them, and that is desirable, for little people, and big ones, too, get tired of even the nicest food, if they are forced to eat the same every day.

VEAL PIGEONS.

Spread a thin veal cutlet with a stuffing of bread-crumbs moistened with a little gravy or cream, and seasoned lightly with salt, pepper, and a pinch of summer-savory. Roll the cutlet up, tie it with fine cord, and bake till done, basting thoroughly. When it is cold, remove the cord and cut into slices. It is a nice savory relish with bread and butter.

GALANTINE OF VEAL OR CHICKEN.

Take an old fowl, or a knuckle of veal, cover with cold water, and boil slowly all day till the meat is almost dissolved. Strain off the liquor, and season with salt and pepper. Shred the bits of meat fine, or chop them in a chopping-bowl, put them into a shallow mold or pan, pour on the liquor, and set in a cold place for the night. In the morning the surface will be found covered with fat, which must be carefully removed, underneath which will be a firm meat jelly, slices of which laid on bread are extremely nice for luncheon.

VEAL LOAF.

To a pint of cold veal finely minced add a pint of bread-crumbs, two eggs well beaten, a wine-glassful of milk, a very little salt pork chopped fine, salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Bake in a buttered dish, and when cold turn out upon a plate, and serve in slices. Cold beef or mutton may be used.

POTTED SHAD.

Scale three or four moderately sized shad, remove heads and tails, and cut each crosswise into four pieces. Chop four small onions, and sprinkle a layer on the bottom of a stone jar. Then put in a layer of fish, add a few whole peppers, a little salt, cloves, allspice, and a small quantity of onion; then another layer of fish, and so on till the pot is full. Arrange the roe on top, spice highly, and fill the jar with strong vinegar. Cover with folds of thick paper under the lid, and bake twelve hours. The vinegar will completely dissolve the bones of the shad. This is rather a spicy compound for school-children, but a little of it as a relish now and then will be found nice.

WHOLESOME SALAD.

Take equal quantities of cold beef, mutton, or veal, cold boiled potatoes, and a larger portion of fresh green lettuce, all cut fine. Stir a half tea-

cupful of vinegar gradually into a table-spoonful of olive-oil or cream, add a little salt and sugar, and pour over the salad, mixing well with a fork. A bowl or jar of this, with plenty of bread-and-butter, ought to be liked by the pickle-fanciers among you.

A PLAIN RICE PUDDING.

A coffee-cupful of boiled rice, a quart of milk, a half tea-cup of raisins, a half tea-cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter. Stew the rice *gently* into the milk for two hours; add the sugar, raisins, and butter, and bake for an hour, stirring once to mix the butter in. This pudding is very nice eaten cold for luncheon.

GRAHAM PUFFS.

A pint of Graham flour, not sifted; a pint of milk. Mix lightly with a spoon for a few minutes, then pour the batter into iron-clad pans made hot, into each of which a bit of butter has just been dropped. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

This is the purest and most wholesome preparation of Graham flour which exists, and I think most of you will like it very much. The puffs are as good cold as hot.

CORN DODGERS.

A pint of sifted meal, stirred smoothly in a quart of milk. Add one egg, beaten lightly, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a very small bit of butter. Bake in iron-clad pans, precisely after the rule given for Graham puffs, and when cold split and spread with butter or powdered sugar.

Some of you would perhaps enjoy rusk as a change from bread and biscuit, so I give a recipe from Marion Harland's excellent manual of cookery, "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea":

RUSKS.

One quart of milk; half cup of yeast; flour enough to make a thick batter. Set a "sponge" with these ingredients. When it is very light, add one cup butter rubbed to a cream, with two cups of powdered sugar, three eggs well beaten. Flour enough to make a stiff dough. Knead briskly, and set to rise for four hours. Then make into rolls, and let them stand an hour longer, or till light and "puffy," before baking. Glaze, just before drawing them from the oven, with a little cream and sugar.

MOONSHINES.

A quart of flour, a table-spoonful of butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, a small tumbler of ice-water. Mix the water with the other ingredients with a knife on a molding-board, as for paste; beat with the rolling-pin till perfectly smooth and flexible, and roll out as thin as a wafer. Cut into circles of the size of a saucer with a pastry jigger, and criss-cross the top of each circle with the same. Bake on flat tins. This makes a sort of light, crisp cracker, as

delicate as possible, and would be a nice contribution for some one to carry to a co-operative luncheon.

Now, to show you that little schoolma'ams can be indulgent sometimes, I will here add a recipe for a very simple (but good) cake, which I used to like (and to make, too) when I was a little girl.

MOLASSES CAKE.

One tea-cup of molasses, one tea-cup of brown sugar, one tea-cup of milk, four tea-cups of flour, two eggs, a spoonful of ginger, and half tea-spoonful of soda.

Here are some suggestions which hardly amount to the dignity of recipes—in fact, are too simple to require a regular rule, but which some of you may like to try for school luncheons:

Quinces, baked in the oven till thoroughly soft, and sprinkled thickly with fine sugar.

Apples, prepared in the same way.

Apple-turnovers, made with the potato paste described in the letter from "A Big Chicken," and spread with nicely seasoned stewed apple.

Cheese, grated fine, and sprinkled on bread and butter. The cheese must be dry and old.

Grated ham, also with bread and butter.

Dried peaches, stewed and sweetened.

And—I put this in at the special request of a little girl—cold, baked Carolina sweet-potatoes, cut in very thin slices, and eaten with salt. These, she says, taste *exactly* like chestnuts, and she is sure all the ST. NICHOLAS children will like them.

I will wind up with a list, putting into it not only these recipes and suggestions of my own, but also all the good, wholesome things mentioned in your different letters. It will be convenient for you to refer to them in the form of a list; and though each one of you will find articles of food mentioned which are familiar, each one has the chance of lighting on something new, which may come into play for the hungry noons just ahead.

Beginning with solids, we have sandwiches of cold sliced meat, potted meat, grated ham, and grated cheese: chopped mutton, salted and peppered; sliced sausages.

Beef-tea, galantine of veal or chicken, veal-loaf, potted shad, veal pigeons, salad—of meat, potato and lettuce,—cold chicken, cold corned beef, and hard-boiled eggs.

Graham bread, Graham puffs, pilot bread and good fresh crackers with old cheese, corn bread, corn dodgers, cold buttered muffins, milk biscuit, rolls and butter, pop-overs, oatmeal cakes, oatmeal crackers, moonshines and rusks.

Roasted quinces with sugar, roasted apples, apple-turnovers with potato crust, roasted sweet-potatoes, cold and sliced, molasses cake, cold rice pudding, dried peaches stewed, apple sauce, ginger snaps, plain cookies, bread-cake, baked custard, apple butter.

Fruit of all kinds, if fresh and ripe.

Now, dears, if any of these recipes turn out to your taste, or if anything I have said proves useful, or helps you to an idea, nobody will be so glad as your affectionate

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

ONE! TWO! THREE!



ONE! two! three!
Mamma, see—
Kisses sweet for you!
Here's a kiss,
There's a kiss,
Here's another, too!



Three! four! five!
In the hive
There are lots of bees.

When they fly
They go high,
'Way up in the trees.

Four! five! six!
Little chicks,—
Dear me! how they rush!
See them eat,
With their feet
Standing in the mush!

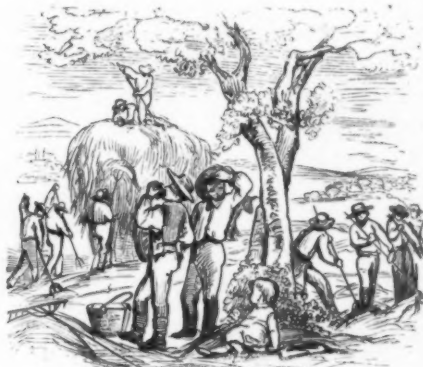


Five! six! eight!
Through the gate
Come the cows at night;
Brindle, Bess,
Fan and Jess—
Can't I count them right?

Six! eight! ten!
Big, strong men
Rake up all the hay.
There's a load
Down the road,
Coming here to-day.



One! two! three!
Mamma, see—
Kisses sweet for you!



Love you best—
More 'n the rest—
Yes, indeed, I do!

GOOD FRIENDS.

I KNOW a dog whose name is Jack. He is a bull-dog, and he looks very cross, but he is really very kind.

One day Jack went out for a walk with his Master, and they saw two dogs fighting. Jack ran off to them very fast, and his Master was afraid Jack would fight too. But the good dog pushed himself between the others and stopped their fighting. The two dogs then went away, looking very sorry. And Jack came back wagging his tail, as if proud of being a peace-maker.

Most dogs do not like cats, but Jack has a dear friend, a cat named George Washington. George had four little brothers and sisters, but three of them never came out of their first bath, and the other one was given away. The old mother-cat died when George was three months old, and then Jack and George grew very fond of each other. A big dog once flew at the little kitten, but Jack chased it away, and George seemed to know that Jack had saved his life. Jack and George Washington sleep together, and eat off the same dish. When Jack is asleep, George Washington will come and begin to lick his head, and Jack seems to like it. When Jack comes in from a walk George runs to meet him, and purrs, and rubs over him, and really kisses him, they are so glad to see each other. Jack does not like other cats, and still chases them, but to George Washington he is always kind and gentle.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"I THANK you kindly, dear Jack," writes the dear Little Schoolma'am when I notify her that I'll gladly give the chicks any message she may wish to send in regard to those school-luncheon letters; "but I shall need more space this time than you can give me. I must ask the editor to allow me several pages for my talk. The subject of school-luncheons, you must know, is a very important one. I only wish I could treat it better for the sake of the thousands and thousands of little folk and their mothers who read ST. NICHOLAS. But I'll do the best I can."

Do the best she can? Ah! I'll warrant she will. Bless her heart! Why, I never knew another such remarkable Little Schoolma'am as that since I've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit! There is n't anything she would n't do for you, my pets. I do believe she'd try to eat up all the poor luncheons in the country herself, if thereby she could help matters any. But in that case there would no longer be any Little Schoolma'am, and what would become of us *then*, I'd like to know?

Jack can't bear to think of such a thing. So we'll talk about

FLOWER-DOLLIES.

ALREADY the children are writing to Jack about flower-dollies, taking hints from the letter of Marion and Winnie T. in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

One little girl writes to Jack: "I find that those beautiful colored leaves of the coleus, whenever you can beg a leaf from the gardener, make splendid trailing skirts." Another writes: "Tell the girls that a doll's skirt of grape-leaf can be beautifully trimmed with strings of lilac blossoms, or verbena, or any small blossom of that kind." A third says she "made a big doll out of spruce-wood, with a radish head, and put real lady's-slippers on its

feet, and dressed it up in a gown made of burdock leaves, and it was really quite 'cute.' Still another little girl writes that, last summer, she "made the loveliest dolls all out of day-lilies," only she "had to use green sticks for arms." Even the head she made "by gathering and tying up the white petals of a lily and putting on a daisy for a hat." She adds that five little girls and herself made a group of these flower-dollies, and "stood them on the piazza ready to surprise mamma when she came home from her drive. And mamma said, 'the effect was really quite lovely.'"

ELECTRIC CANDLES.

WELL, well—what *will* the birds tell me next? Here's a little candle, throwing its beams through the newspapers, all the way from England, and my birds know of it! They say there's a new kind of candle being tried in London. It is n't sperm, nor wax, nor paraffine, and it has n't any cotton wick, nor is it a tube supplied with kerosene or gas—

What in the world is it, then?

That is just what Jack would like to find out. The birds only hint these matters, you see; but they tell me it is an *electric candle* of some sort, and that the inventor's name is Jablochkoff. He's not an Englishman, I'll warrant. Who knows anything about this matter?

"IS THE CALLA A LILY?"

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In looking over one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (March, 1875), I have found in the "Letter-Box" an inquiry which I would like to answer. It is from Abby G. Shaw. She asks: "Is the calla a lily?" and says she thinks it is not, giving as authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany, published in 1848." Now, I have studied botany a good deal, and I think it *is* a lily. Will you please tell me what you think about it?

MIGNONETTE.

If "Mignonette" will think how strange and misleading are some of the "common" names given to flowers within her own knowledge, she will know at once that the fact of a plant being called a "lily" is no proof that it is one. For instance, we have all kinds of roses,—rock-rose, guelder-rose, rose of Sharon, and others,—which are not roses at all, and in no manner related to the roses, except that they all are plants. Strictly, nothing is a true rose unless it belongs to the botanical genus *Rosa*. We must take the same ground with the lilies. We have pond or water lilies, lily of the valley, St. Bruno's lily, and others, including the lily of the Nile. But, according to good authority, none of these are, in a botanical sense, lilies; that is, none of them belong to the genus *Lilium*, for only to such plants does the term "lily," without prefix or suffix, properly belong.

Every true lily has a remarkably regular and symmetrical flower. It is six-parted,—three outer parts and three inner parts,—both kinds so much alike that we do not say of them "calyx" and "corolla." It has six very prominent stamens and one pistil, which has a three-celled ovary. Now, nothing like this structure is found in the calla. It has in the center a fleshy stalk crowded with imperfect flowers, those with anthers only being above, and the others, with pistils only, below, and all very

small, crowded, and indistinct. The showy portion which surrounds all these flowers is not a flower at all, but only a white leaf, which, in our Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is green, often with brown markings. Indeed, the calla and Jack are much more closely related than are the lily and the calla, for these two are so remote cousins that the relationship "does n't count,"—unless one of them should die very rich.

* LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

GRASS SHOES.

SOME of the children in the red school-house have been making bathing-shoes for themselves out of grass, and it is astonishing what capital shoes they turn out.

In the first place, they cut a wide sole-pattern, of the size wanted, out of stout cloth (which forms a good lining to the shoe as soon as it is covered); then they take a bundle of grass and twist it tightly and evenly until it is of about the thickness of a lady's finger. Next, with the aid

sole by over-and-over stitches, then catching the succeeding rows of wisp firmly together, conforming them as nearly as practicable to the shape of the foot. When finished, it looks something like a slipper. Then, all that remains to be done is to add tapes by which it is to be tied about the ankle.

Jack has n't given very explicit directions, because it is n't in his line to teach needlework; but the ingenuity of the boys and girls must make up for his short-comings.

Certain it is that the girls and boys of the red school-house have made these shoes, and have made them strong, and soft to the feet.

"NOT IN" TO TROUBLE.

"THE cheerful are usually the busy. When Trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will be apt to retire if you send him word you are 'engaged.'"

Who said this? He was a wise man, whoever he was.



ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

of a big needle and very coarse thread, they sew the twist of grass to the cloth, adapting it to the shape of the pattern as best they can, and taking care to lengthen the twist, as they go on, by splicing it with new spears of grass, so as to keep it of about the same thickness. The twist is sewed in such a way that the stitches will hold the grass firmly in shape. When the sole has been covered, the children take a fresh wisp and begin building up the sides and toe, sewing the first row strongly to the

ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

SWEET Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze;
Deep in the clover-bloom hiding him away,
Startled at the murmur of the trees.

Children! have you seen him? shy is he and gay,
Sunny as the butterflies and bees,—
Sweet Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

POMPEII, THE RUINED CITY.

(Extracts from a Little Girl's Journal.)

We were in Naples, and it was a beautiful, summer-like day,—the third of January, 187—. We arose very early, took a hearty breakfast, and started, in a four-seated carriage drawn by four horses, for Pompeii, the ruined city which for eighteen hundred years lay buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, that treacherous old mountain that is continually keeping the Neapolitans in fear and trembling.

We enjoyed the ride from Naples very much, which was part of the way along the sea-shore and along the mountain-side. We passed through Portici and Kecini, and the gate which leads to the amphitheater of Herculaneum, which was lately discovered, comparatively speaking; and then we saw the palace "La Favorita," where we are going to stop when we go up the mountain.

When we reached Pompeii, we all found it more interesting than any of us had expected. We first went into the museum, where we saw old jugs for water, and rusty locks and keys and bolts, etc., etc.; skeletons' heads and bones, and two or three specimens of the people who had been found in the houses; and their position plainly shows the torture and agony they must have suffered when the scoria overtook them in their flight. There is one man who looks as though he had been running when the scoria reached him; no one would know that such an object had ever been a man, were it not for the form, which was bent forward, with his hands up to his face. It must have



A VICTIM OF THE LAVA.

been an awful time; and then, it being so completely dark, with the air full of ashes, many of them must have run right into the lava without knowing it.

The town is all in ruins; nothing is left but the walls and streets to tell the tale of a once prosperous and thriving city. On many of the richest houses can still be seen the frescoes that adorned the walls, and the beautiful designs of the mosaic floors. One would think, from the walls and floors and ceilings, and the few fountains that are left, that the majority of the people must have lived in more elegance and refinement than the rich people do who now live in Naples. The fountains in the floors served for mirrors.

We went into one house in which was a little chamber barred off from the rest, and in the corner was a pile of dirt, and in it was embedded the skeleton of a man who is said to have been imprisoned there when the calamity occurred; and, his hands and feet being chained, the poor wretch could not get away. It made me feel real sad when I heard the story, but still more so when I saw the skeleton in reality.

We found it was four before we thought it two, and the guards telling us to go, as they close at four o'clock. We returned to the carriage, and reached the hotel late at night, fully convinced that we would again visit Pompeii. K. N.

BARRED IN.

I SHALL open my true story by telling you that, no matter how or why, a cold December day not two years ago found me, a meek, homesick little schoolma'am of sixteen summers beginning my career in the Smithtown school-house. It was a small, yellow building, with heavy, solid, unpainted shutters. On the inside a single seat ran around the room next to the wall, with desks in front. A rough, movable bench to serve as recitation seat, a great box of a stove, a leaky pail, and a battered tin-cup finished the furnishing.

In this room between forty and fifty boys and girls, ranging in age from four years to twenty-one, were gathered. Even your patience,

my dear old saint, would fail should I tell you all the trials and tribulations that my spirit was heir to in that school-room.

The school had been under my dominion a little over a month, and it was the day before Christmas. At noon that day I was seated at my desk, tranquilly writing, and rejoicing that my "little flock" saw fit so leave me in quiet, and amuse themselves out-of-doors. I looked up as one of the large boys stepped inside the door and took down the key from a nail beside it. I knew what was coming then. "Heinrich!" said I. But he was out of the door and it was closed behind him. Quick as thought I was at the door and my pencil flung the key-hole. Of course it was impossible for them to lock the door; and it was equally impossible for me to open it while a dozen strong hands held it on the other side. Through the door came the question, in the voice of the boy who had taken the key:

"Will you give us a half-holiday, and five dollars for a treat?"

The five dollars I could not afford to give; the half-holiday I would willingly give, but I would not be compelled to do it; therefore I maintained a dignified silence, and my position—which began to grow a little monotonous.

At the end of twenty minutes it was something more. Then the great shutters swung around, and I could hear the boys planting rails firmly against them; the result was, of course, total darkness. Ten minutes more. By holding my watch close to a wee crack I could see how time passed. Then I heard the rattling of a chain, and the repetition of their demand for "a treat and a holiday." They had given up locking the door and were going to chain it. It was not a pleasant prospect—that of being locked up in darkness all a long afternoon; but, as I dramatically quoted to myself, "I could not fly, I would not yield."

It was no longer of any use for me to guard the key-hole, for the door was chained fast, so I devoted my energies to building a fire, and soon had a bright blaze. I tried to read—the book was not interesting. I tried to write—ideas were a minus quantity. Surely it had been an hour since the door was chained. Fifteen minutes! My watch must have stopped; but no! it was jogging on at its accustomed pace.

I repeated a good-sized volume of poetry that afternoon. I demonstrated the "problem of the lights." I did anything and everything possible to pass away the time, but it was the longest afternoon I ever knew. Now and then I felt a little gleam of vicious satisfaction when a voice outside repeated the demand, and I could feel how aggravated the rebels were by my silence.

You wonder that some passer-by did not interfere in my behalf? "Barring the teacher in" was a time-honored custom, and teachers knowing this to be the case usually yielded, or at least compromised, in a very short time. In any case, no one thought of interfering.

I began to sympathize with prisoners who are doomed to solitary confinement. I could hear the monotonous tick-tick-tick of my watch in the stillness. Slowly, slowly, the hands moved, as if they were weighted. Half-past three. Once more the old question at the door: then the chain rattled, the shutters and door were flung open—and I was unbarred! It seems that my rebellious subjects had held a council of war, decided that my obstinacy was unquarable, and so given up the siege.

I rang the bell, and in answer to the summons they slowly filed in, some faces looking sheepish, some defiant, some only wondering. When they were seated I said, as quietly as usual, "You are dismissed until next Monday morning."

As they marched out I heard one of the boys say to another, "The ma'am's a cute un; and she's got the grit, too, if she is little."

LIVE SAXON.

THE WOODPECKER.

Tar! tap! goes the woodpecker's busy bill,
Tap! tap! on the old oak-tree—
He hunts small game
With his tongue of flame,
For a woodman bold is he!

"T is the early bird gets the worm," he cries,
As he springs from his nest at morn;
And his note so shrill,
The woodlands fill,
Like the hunter's bugle horn!

In their chambers dark,
'Neath the moldering bark,
The ant and the grub lie still—
But he hurries them out
With a terrible shout,
And gobbles them up at will.

R. B. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR crowded columns this month force us to deny our young astronomers a pleasant surprise which Professor Proctor had prepared for them—an article on the two planets Mars and Saturn. But it will probably console them to know that the paper will be given in full in our November number; and, meanwhile, they shall be afforded an exercise which Professor Proctor seems to have had in mind already, for he states, in beginning his article: "I purposely said nothing about these planet-visitors last month, that those who try to learn the star-groups from my maps may have had a chance of discovering the two planets for themselves." He adds that the two will be plainly visible this fall, Mars shining with a bright, ruddy glow, and Saturn with a dull, yellow light. Here's a fine chance, boys and girls, to "repeat famous discoveries made many, many years ago." Keep a sharp look-out at the evening skies, and so be ready for the planet-paper in our November number.

Oakland, Cal., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tom Grant, one of your contributors, hardly believes that a snake could swallow a couple of birds and a toad.

I can tell of a still more wonderful occurrence. While my brother and I were spending our summer vacation about ten miles from Healdsburg, in Sonoma County, while hunting, my brother killed a rattlesnake and cut it open. He found *three young hares* inside of it.

My mother, while living at Pass Christian, in Mississippi, was acquainted with Dr. Savage, a great naturalist. He had a couple of snakes in a box, with a wire netting over it, so all their motions could be watched. One was black, and the other striped green and black.

One day Dr. Savage and several others—my mother among them—were attracted by a commotion in the snakes' box; there they saw the two snakes in a furious battle. The black snake seemed to be victor, for he was gradually *swallowing the striped snake*. Mother said it was not very pleasant to see the striped one gradually disappearing out of sight. At last nothing could be seen. Dr. Savage immediately killed it, for of course it could not live after such a hearty meal.

These two incidents, though rather wonderful, are both true.

LUCY FISHER.

THE following letter comes to us, printed with a pencil, from a little girl six years old:

Binghamton, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a cat, and her name is Pussine. She is Maltese, with white face, breast, and paws. Pussie rides in my doll-carriage, and don't jump out. She climbs on the shelf outside the door, and rattles the door-knob to be let in. Papa has taught her to jump through our arms and to stand up in the corner. My brother Eddie and I think she is a very wise cat, for she catches mice also. Give my love to Miss Alcott; I wish that she would write another story, for I like "Eight Cousins" best of all, though I like "Patience's House" very much. I am more than six years old, and Eddie is past four.—Your little friend,

ANNIE CURTIS SMITH.

Portland, Me., July, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going on a two-years' tour around the world with the Woodruff Expedition. It will start in October next, and I am to be a cadet. Any boy sixteen or older can become a cadet, and I should like very much to have a true-blue St. NICHOLAS fellow to chum with.

Just think what a glorious trip it will be! We are to travel in a special steamboat, make side trips here and there, and visit Brazil, Japan, Egypt, China, the Eastern Archipelago, Patagonia, Australia, Hindustan, Italy, Turkey, England, Greece, France, Spain, Germany, Formosa—and, perhaps, "wind up at the Scilly Islands," as my oldest sister, Sue, says. I think she is a little put out, though, because she cannot go along; but she might, for the expedition takes ladies, only she is obliged to stay at home.

Think of the jolly times ahead! Hunting, fishing, exploring, making collections of scientific specimens, and, may be, having a tussle or two with savages; learning history, geography, navigation and the "dogies," right on the spot, instead of merely by "poring over miserable books." Oh, it's splendid!

Please tell Deacon Green. He is a traveler and will surely want to go; and the Little Schoolma'am, perhaps she will want to go too. It would be the best fun in the world, but what would the children of the red school-house do? It is for two whole years! Father says,

"No, not two years, but two years and a day;" and then he winks at Sue. But he won't explain. I believe there is a catch in it somewhere, only I don't see it.

Well, good-bye now, dear old St. NICHOLAS, and good luck to you! Perhaps my next letter to you will be written in full view of the smoking vents of Kina Baloo, or from the top of the Great Pyramid, or the bottom of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mykenæ! I remain, your constant friend,

WALLIE STEPHENS.

P. S.—It is the expedition under James O. Woodruff of Indianapolis that I mean.

A LITTLE girl in Alabama writes: We live in Eufaula; it is a pretty place in the spring. My little brother had a large dog, but some one shot him one night. I have a little twin brother and a white kitten. I broke my mamma's wash-bowl this evening getting some water for her. She will jump through your hands when you hold them up.—Your little friend,

J. F.

We are not very fond of seeing gymnastic feats in hot weather, dear J. F., but we *should* like to see that wonderful mother who can "jump through your hands when you hold them up!"

Broussa, Asiatic Turkey, June 16, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy 10 years old. This is the first time I have written a letter to be printed. I am going to tell you about the way they raise silk. The first thing the silk worms do when they come out of the egg is to eat the mulberry leaves that have been cut into bits for them. At first they do not eat much, but after a week or so they are very ravenous. Eight days after they are hatched they sleep eight days and thus having slept four times at intervals of eight days and twelve days, after the last sleep they commence spinning. In about eight days the spinning is finished. Between that time there are twelve days before they hatch again into butterflies. To keep them from hatching they bake them in ovens. I am afraid that this letter is too long. HENRY M. RICHARDSON.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following as an addition to the "Little Miss Muffet" Series:

Von leedle poy Hans,
In de far German lands
Was eating his good sour-kROUT,
De donkey came up
For von leedle sup,
Said Hans, "You'd petter got out."

New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We just write to tell you we love you most as much as if you were our brother. Will you please print this in the "Letter-Box," because Bessie has never seen her name in print.—Your loving little readers,

MINNIE AND BESSIE CHESTER.

THE following little account comes to us with this letter:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed little story is the production of a boy eight years old. Dr. Holland, in "Arthur Bonnicastle," called our attention to the "Gunnery," Washington, Conn., and, in consequence, the writer of the article submitted made the acquaintance of "Pug, the Gunnery Dog."—Yours truly,

F. A. EASTMAN.

PUG, THE GUNNERY DOG.

(A True Story.)

Pug is the name of a small, white, fat dog. Fourteen years ago, when a puppy, he was given to a little boy for a pet. They were playmates for a few years, when the little boy died, leaving the poor, unhappy dog in this world. Pug lives in a school with forty boys, but no one can take the place of his lost friend. When anybody tries to caress him, he endures it with patience for a few minutes; but just as you think he is beginning to like it, he suddenly will jump up and growl, as much as to say, "Good people, you mean well, but it is of no use." He makes one exception to this rule. If the father of his late master speaks to him, he shows his pleasure by a wag of his curly tail.

Sometimes he is given more than he can eat, and he goes off to his favorite seat in a cushioned arm-chair, leaving some food on his plate.

The family cat is glad enough to take up with Pug's leavings, and she only looks to see if he is safely asleep before she begins. Pug—the sly old dog—sometimes shuts his eyes, and pretends not to see what she is doing until she gets fairly at work, when up he jumps with a bark and a growl which send poor kitty a-flying. For a minute his face shows he enjoys the fun, and then he becomes as solemn as ever.

BARRETT EASTMAN.

SOMEBODY in St. Louis, signing himself "No Name," sends the following riddle to ST. NICHOLAS. The answers will give respectively the names of fifty authors. As a number of other people have sent this same riddle to ST. NICHOLAS, having found the copies in various papers and periodicals,—and in many cases sent it as an original contribution,—it may be well to explain that it was written originally by the "Little Schoolma'am" of this magazine, and first published in Uncle Tim's department of *Hearts and Homes* for Dec. 16, 1871. The names of the fifty authors are given below, as many of the young people may not have seen the riddle.

1. What a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly. 2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water? 3. A good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. 4. Makes and mends for first-class customers. 5. Represents the dwellings of civilized countries. 6. Is a kind of linen. 7. Can be worn on the head. 8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings. 9. Belongs to a monastery. 10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them. 11. Is what an oyster heart is apt to be. 12. Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure. 13. Always youthful, you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken. 14. An American manufacturing town. 15. Hump-backed, but not deformed. 16. Is an internal pain. 17. The value of a word. 18. A seven-footer whose name begins with fifty. 19. Brighter and smarter than the other one. 20. A worker in the precious metals. 21. A very vital part of the body. 22. A lady's garment. 23. Small talk and heavy weight. 24. A prefix and a disease. 25. Comes from an unlearned pig. 26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. 27. A sick place of worship. 28. A mean dog 'tis. 29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities. 30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot. 31. A manufactured metal. 32. A game, and a male of the human species. 33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" 34. Meat! What are you doing? 35. Is very fast indeed. 36. A barrier built of an edible. 37. To agitate a weapon. 38. Red as an apple, black as the night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright. 39. A domestic worker. 40. A slang exclamation. 41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. 42. A young domestic animal. 43. One who is more than a sandy shore. 44. A fraction in American currency and the prevailing fashion. 45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he mentioned a poet mild. 46. A girl's name and a male relative. 47. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loath, and in a trice you'll find them both. 48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see. 49. A common domestic animal and what it can never do. 50. Each human head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he is dead.

Answers.—1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor (Bayard). 5. Holmes (Oliver Wendell). 6. Holland (J. G.). 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Pryor (or Abbott). 10. Southey (Robert). 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell—Camel. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte (Bret). 22. Spenser. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. Lander (Walter Savage). 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willie—Willie. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall (Harry). 37. Shakespeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cook (Eliza). 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitt (William and Mary)—Howitts. 48. Bryant—Brye-ant. 49. Cowper—Cow-purr. 50. Gray.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a little story just as it was told me by my little three-year old Cora, in exchange for one from myself. The hip disease was suggested by a recent visit to St. Luke's Hospital.—In haste, yours truly, Mrs. E. T. T.

Once there was a little pussy cat, and he had no mamma, and he wandered alone around the street, and a wude man came along and kicked him, and he wan down into a little gale's (girl's) basement, and he climbed up and put his little claws around the bell, and wang the bell, and the cook came to the door, and the cat jumped down and the cook said, "what do you want, little cat," and the cat said, "I want to see the children," and the cook took him upstairs, and the children took care of him. There was Nelly and Pinky and Jenny. They had the mumps and the hip disease, and the stomach ache, and didn't die.

London, England, July 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and take a great interest in Professor Precior's papers about the stars. I take a little card and make pin-holes in it to represent the stars of a constellation as the star maps show them. When I hold up one of these cards to the lamp I see bright points where, in the sky, the stars themselves are. I draw rays about the holes with pen-and-ink, and write upon each card the name of the star-group it represents. In order that I may easily find in the sky any "card constellation," I prick an extra pin-hole to show in what direction from the Pole-star the constellation appeared at a given time in the year, which I write upon the card.

It is really interesting to prepare a set of cards of this kind, especially if one tries hard and succeeds in making every card trustworthy. I dare say many American girls and boys would enjoy it quite as much, if they knew about it; so please tell them. It is a great help to getting well acquainted with the look of the starry heavens throughout the year.—Yours truly, LAWRENCE T.

Opdenburg.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and we like it very much. We have a dog named Brownie, and two little kittens. Mine is black—I named it Rollabout—and the other one is gray, and her name is Daisy. I went out fishing, and we caught nine fish.

BERTHA H. JAMES.

P. S.—I am not quite seven years old.

Fordham, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to write you a little letter, about something that we saw last summer at the sea-shore. We went down on the beach one cloudy night in September, and the ocean looked so beautiful that we all wondered what was the cause of it. Each little ripple sparkled with a glare of light that was wonderful to see, and as each wave broke upon the shore it spread a line of light as far as the eye could reach. Even the sand, as we rubbed our feet on it, left a line of light. I thought that it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen; I could not but wonder at the works of Him who was the maker of such beautiful things.

Will ST. NICHOLAS please tell me something about this wonderful light. I am nine years old.—Your friend,

HELEN C. WETMORE.

Our young correspondent describes a phase of one of the most common, yet most marvelous and beautiful of the aspects of the sea. Along our northern coast such lighting up of the water may be seen almost any dark night in warm weather, when the water is disturbed by light wind, the passage of a vessel, the splash of oars or otherwise. In the tropics the sea is always more or less luminous in the dark. The sources of the light are numerous yet tolerably well understood; but how the light is produced no one knows. All the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen fire-flies or other light-giving insects, which are common the world over. But the numbers of such living lanterns of the air are few compared with those of the sea. The ocean fairly swarms with creatures, big and little, that shine with their own light. Some, like the giant jelly-fish, are eight or ten feet across the body, with streamers fifty feet long; and when they glow in the dark water they light up the depths as sheet-lightning does the clouds. The most of these light-emitting creatures, however, are very small—mere specks of slime, visible by day only under a powerful magnifier; but they make up for their smallness by their enormous numbers. Those whose light our little friend describes were probably *Noctiluca miliaris*, which, though separately invisible, are often so numerous as to discolor the sea by day and make it appear at night like a sea of molten silver, every drop and every wave glowing with pale light. In the "Ancient Mariner," Coleridge describes the phosphorescence of the tropic seas with great power.

GEORGE HERBERT WHITE, of Brooklyn, sends us the following fifteen solutions of the "Name Puzzle," printed in our June number:

Alice	Hannah	Eleanor	Laura	Roxanna
Nora	Olive	Dorothy	Olympia	Ophelia
Nancy	Pauline	Nancy	Isabel	Susan
Amelia	Ether	Amy	Sophia	Annie
Delia	Jemima	Eliza	Mercy	Rhoda
Octavia	Amanda	Maud	Adelaide	Urania
Ruth	Nora	Mary	Ursula	Theresa
Augusta	Eva	Almira	Dorothy	Huldah
Edith	Charlotte	Ida	Nancy	Sophia
Lucinda	Ophelia	Nancy	Olivia	Angelina
Lucretia	Rachel	Ellen	Rebecca	Rosalina
Antoinette	Agnes	Zenobia	Annetta	Alberta

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of ten letters, is a word often seen in almanacs. The 1, 2, 3, 4 is a fairy. The 5, 6 is a pronoun. The 7, 8, 9, 10 is an animal.

CYRIL DEANE.

DECAPITATIONS.

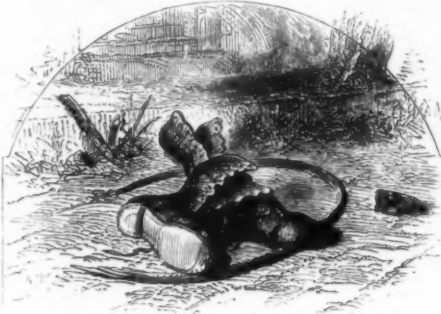
1. BEHEAD a flower, and leave an article used by printers. 2. BEHEAD a garden vegetable, and leave a beverage. 3. BEHEAD a fruit, and leave a part of the body. 4. BEHEAD another part of the body, and leave a fish. 5. BEHEAD another fish, and leave a card. 6. BEHEAD a domestic bird, and leave a wild bird. 7. BEHEAD a poisonous insect, and leave a poisonous serpent. 8. BEHEAD a military badge, and leave a forest tree. 9. BEHEAD an article of food, and leave a luxury in summer. 10. BEHEAD a kind of boat, and leave a shoemaker's tool.

ISOLA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals each form the name of a celebrated author.
1. An affected and pretentious person. 2. A small animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. An Italian poet. 5. A public house.
BEHEAD and curtail each word, and you will have: 1. A negative. 2. A number. 3. To exist. 4. An animal. 5. To affirm positively.

ALMA.



FIND in the above picture that which represents—1st, The foundation of a good home; 2d, a comfortable abode; 3d, a bereavement; 4th, a greater sorrow; 5th, the sorrow cured.

A.

CHARADE.

My first, the cross I bear;
My last, the sea-girt refuge, where
My whole, shut out from native skies,
Like a caged eagle, drops and dies.

M. O'B. D.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. OLD Abe arrived in Milwaukee yesterday. 2. He found Eli on board the train. 3. He preferred a badge, rather than money, for his services. 4. Where is Ella? Mamma wants her. 5. I found him in Chicago at an hotel. 6. Oh, Leo! pardon me this time, if never again. 7. Oh! was n't that romantic? Amelia thinks it the best story she ever read. 8. I abhor secret societies. 9. Was the pan there, as I said? 10. Have you heard the news? Miss Durant eloped last night. 11. The anti-German society gave a ball yesterday. 12. We knew it to be a version which was correct. 13. The battle came to a hot termination. 14. Is the soil in Mocha moist? 15. The lamb is on the lawn in front of the house.

SQUIR.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SYNCOPATE: 1. Stops, and leave coverings for the head. 2. Corn, and leave to show the teeth. 3. Fruits of a certain kind, and leave falsehoods. 4. A state of the Union, and leave a part of a horse. 5. Long, slender sticks, and leave something used with old-fashioned guns. 6. Highways, and leave instruments of scourging.

THE syncopated letters, read downward, form a thin plate; read upward, a living creature.

M. T. M.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.

FILL the spaces with two letters only, to form a diamond, and a square-word within it.

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      -
    - A -
  - A - A -
    - A -
      -
  
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PLUTO.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A RIVER in Russia. 2. A city in Holland. 3. One of the United States. 4. A descendant of Seir, the Horite. 5. One of the East Indies. 6. A name given one of the British Isles by its inhabitants. The initials name the largest river in Europe, and the finals the largest in the world.

SEDGWICK.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

DEFINE the words given: 1. The upper surface of the earth. 2. Conflagration. 3. Departed.
BEHEAD the definitions, and leave a square-word with these meanings: 1. Something our ancestors used at night. 2. Anger. 3. Conducted.

H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

THREE and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row,
And bigger every day they got as fast as they could grow;
All of them had heads, but not a single one an eye,
And so, whatever happened, they really could n't cry.

One had on a purple dress, which looked green in the light;
Another was a little one, and very like a fright;
Another had a crooked back, but most were fat and round,
And I saw a mighty army of them sitting on the ground.

Wrapped in and out with foldings, spread loose and thick and deep,
They cuddled in among them all when they went off to sleep;
Sleep, sleep it was the whole day long, and sleep, too, all the night,
Oh they were very stup'd things—not one of them was bright.

Yes, three and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row,—
What shall we call these wonders? Come, tell us, if you know.

H. M. S.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 10, 3, is a noise. My 1, 8, 12, gives us light. My 4, 6, 9, is a tide. My 7, 2, 4, 11, is what we often like. My whole is a beautiful French motto.

N. A. S.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. An operation requiring a very sharp instrument. 2. Custom. 3. To make ashamed. 4. A law term for neighborhood. 5. A chemical used to produce insensibility.

SEDGWICK.

BIRD PUZZLE.

1. A TOY made of paper. 2. A consonant and pale. 3. The builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. 4. A burning vowel. 5. A consonant. 6. Used in hunting in the fifteenth century. 7. Part of a fence. 8. A boy's name. 9. A pronoun and a preposition. 10. Has been made famous by an American poet. 11. Part of a house and seen at the Flood. 12. A tailor's implement. 13. To shrink with fear. 14. A consonant and to waken. 15. Used in chess. 16. What we do when eating. 17. What old birds are not to be caught with, and part of a foot. 18. On ships, and a quarrel. 19. Used for raising heavy weights. 20. An abbreviation of a girl's name, and a pastry. 21. A ringlet and a sheep. 22. A country partly in Europe. 23. Heard on most farms.

SEDGWICK.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a position. BEHEAD me, and I am much prized by ladies; again, I am one spot; restore and syncopate my whole, and I am a step; restore, curtail, and transpose, and I am a sharp sound. Besides, I contain a beverage, a head-covering, an animal, a vegetable, and a fence.

M. B. S.

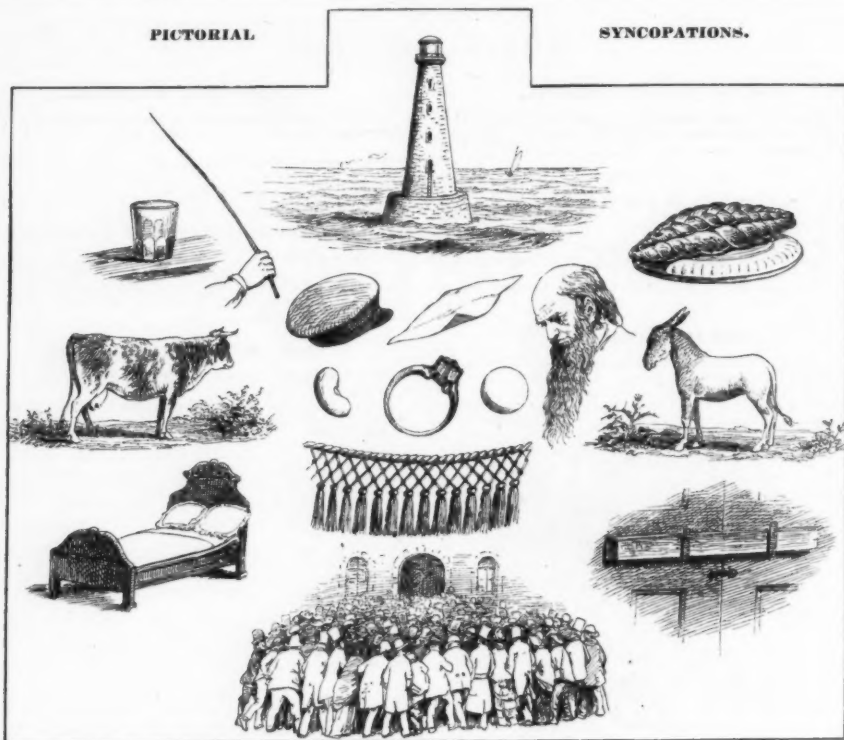
HIDDEN BAYS.

1. You must stop! Lent you know has begun. 2. If the thaw keeps off one week I'll be glad. 3. Do not push Arkwright. 4. If you have turbot any more, please tell me. 5. I saw an ant on Gilfillan's neck. 6. Acobemba took his leave. 7. I saw Deia go aboard the ship. 8. It is not red Amelia.

LITTLE ONE.

PICTORIAL

SYNCOPIATIONS.



FIND the name of one of the above pictures and take from it two letters, leaving (without transposition) the name of another picture. For example: Grate, rat: chair, car. Proceed in this way until all the pictures are named.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—(ABSTRACTION).—Coin, crab, bat, stoat, bars, seat, oats, boat, rat, cart.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Charles Dickens.

C
SHE
STALK
CHARLES
ELLEN
KEN
S
D
PIT
PICRA
DICKENS
TREAD
AND
S

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Raft, rat. 2. Cold, cod. 3. Lead, led. 4. Tome, toe. 5. Hail, Hal. 6. Alone, aloe. 7. Barge, bare. 8. Board, bard. Read downward: Flamingo.
EASY CHARADE.—Hoax.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM ENIGMA.—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.” Curs, ruin, devotion, map, grain, common, closet.

SQUARE-WORD.—

ARENA
RELIC
ELDER
NIECE
ACRES

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—

D
ARA
IDIOT
SCALENE
YEARLINGS

RIDDLE.—Week.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.—“Vous devez tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier.”

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Together, three got, got there. 2. Ballad, all bad. 3. Minute, is mute. 4. I led, idle. 5. Noised, is done. 6. Allowance, O! all we can.

METAGRAM.—Banc, cane, Dane, Jane, lane, mane, pane, sanc, vane, wane.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO ALL the puzzles in the July number were received from Marion Abbott.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18th, from Alice B. Moore, James J. Ormsbee, Allie Bertram, Albert Pider, Grace G. Chandler, W. L. M., B. P. Emery, Sarah D. Oakley, Susie T. Homans, George G. Champlin, Charles S. Riché, “Bessie and her Cousin,” Arthur C. Smith, M. Marsden Hill, Emma Elliott, Fannie M. Sawyer, “Charlie and Ada,” Kittie L. Brainard, Edward W. Robinson, Edith Heard, Carrie B. Mitchell, Alfred A. Mitchell, Edward L. Heydecker, Jessie E. Stevens, Constance Grand Pierre, W. C. Hawley, Nellie Emerson, James Iredell, Carrie L. Bigelow, Jennie W. Cook, Lulu Way, Howard Steel Rodgers, Edith Lowry, A. L. Drof, Mamie A. Carter, and Katie E. Earl.

R.

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"WAIT TILL WE GET THERE, DARLING."

(See poem "Mother," page 769.)